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AFFECTATION.

AMONG the many vices and follies to which human nature is prone, there is not one which shows its imperfection and inconsistency in so glaring a light as that of affectation. If men only affected such qualities as they might reasonably be desirous of possessing, this failing might not be without its use : the habit of assuming an appearance of virtue and good sense, would, perhaps, lead to the possession of them, or at least engender a certain degree of respect for all that is worthy and estimable ; and many people would doubtless discover this very useful fact, that the attainment of excellence is easier than the affectation of it, which can seldom be practised with complete success. But, unfortunately, few take the pains to affect those endowments which, if really possessed, would do them credit. It is to the most childish, the most contemptible habits, that affectation commonly leads ; and many a person assumes imperfections and weaknesses that are far from belonging to his character, and which, if he thought seriously on the subject, he would hasten to disclaim. To be free from all pretence, and to maintain, as it is usually termed, *a natural character*, is considered with approval in either sex ; and one would therefore suppose, that a commendation so easily deserved would be very generally laid claim to, and that perfect simplicity, that is, the absence of all affectation,

must become too universal for remark. Yet we do not find it so : we see people make a great effort to appear easy and natural ; but effort only leads them farther from nature, and even simplicity must be the effect of habit. We often hear a man of good education say coarse, blunt things ; or a woman who *can* speak rationally, chatter the most puerile nonsense, in order to pass for *a natural character* ; forgetting that the propensities natural to one mind are foreign to another ; and debasing the nobler nature, to affect that which is mean and insipid. It should be remembered that, by long habit, that which was at first assumed becomes natural ; that the drawl, the swagger, the foolish lisp, or the vulgar idiom, adopted at the age of twenty, will be unconquerable at twenty-five ; that common sense, however deeply implanted, will not thrive without cultivation ; and that he who neglects to use his reason in youth, may be pretty sure of becoming a mere driveller before his hairs are grey. At the first view it appears totally unaccountable how such a vice as affectation can exist, since we see no inducement that any one can have for rendering himself, in any respect, more imperfect than nature has already made him. But a moment's reflection will show as, that the main-spring of this as well as of many other errors, is self-love, which, if not carefully checked, engenders a con-

stant desire to attract notice, no matter by what means ; an effort to shine, without ceasing ; and a total forgetfulness of a rule admitting of very few exceptions—that the most beautiful objects lose a part of their attraction by being placed in too

strong a light. A person with only just sense enough to be quiet, will always make a better figure than he who, in his anxiety to obtain applause, suffers his efforts to degenerate into affectation, and, intolerant of neglect, cannot fail to incur ridicule.

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF LITERATURE.

It must be allowed that the French do showy things in the most showy style of any nation of Europe. One of their old merits was the patronage of Literature. From Louis the Fourteenth down to Napoleon, they had the honorable ambition of struggling for the precedence in every class of literary fame ; and the allowable dexterity of flattering the leading writers of all countries into a regard for France. They gave little distinctions, little medals, little pensions, and little titles to the little men of academies in all lands, and reaped the full harvest of those donations in praise.

The Russians, always imitators of the *Grande Nation*, and extremely anxious to play the same part on the continent, whether with the pen or the pike, the cannon or the *cordons rouges* ; have been for some years trying the same plan, and giving rings, like thimbles, set with diamonds that certainly have a villainous likeness to Bristol stones ; but those rings were given to all sorts of people for all sorts of things : for a new pattern of a joint-stool, for a five-shilling compilation of barbarous poetry, for a pair of breeches cut out of the living bear, for a tetotum on a new and infallible construction, “warranted to spin,” for a print of the features of some grim Slavonic ancestor, some Count of Wolfania, or Duke of Saberland, taken from the original carving in the Church of our Holy Mother of Kasan, or for a quarto of Travels through Russia, with all the anecdotes, from the newspapers, all the discoveries, from the road-books, all the history, from the tables

d’hôte, and all the “vignettes, views, inscriptions,” original,—from the print-shops.

On these brilliant productions even the thimbles of the Czar Nicholas were thrown away ; and the imperial liberality being fairly exhausted some time since, and finding that no European fame redounded to it from the labors of “illustrious men” (unknown in any country but their own, and there known only to be laughed at), has prohibited “All men by these presents,” in future to dedicate book, or send print, or transmit sleeve-button, and above all to insult it with poetry. The Russian ambassador has received strict orders, on pain of the knout, not to transmit any further beggar’s petition of this kind to his Imperial Majesty ; and notice has been given to contributors in general that, though Siberia is but a month’s journey from St. Petersburg, the Czar is about locating a new settlement for their benefit within sight of the Pole.

Louis Philippe, however, is beginning on a better plan, much more useful to the world, and which will repay France much more steadily in praise (to this we have no objection) than money lavished on such slippery personages as the mob of authorship. We are informed that “The King of the French has given instructions to a distinguished *littérateur* to obtain for him a correct list of all the literary and scientific bodies in Europe, with a precise account of their charitable institutions, in order that he may subscribe to those which he considers the most deserving of support. It is

stated that at present the king bestows nearly one million of francs per annum, directly, or indirectly, in the encouragement of literature and science; and that he insists

upon each of his children patronising works of art to an extent justified by the pecuniary means which he has placed at their disposal." This is manly, and kingly too.

EXPIATION.

MARGARET BURNSIDE was an orphan. Her parents, who had been the poorest people in the parish, had died when she was a mere child; and as they had left no near relatives, there were few or none to care much about the desolate creature, who might be well said to have been left friendless in the world. True, that the feeling of charity is seldom wholly wanting in any heart; but it is generally but a cold feeling among hard-working folk, towards objects out of the narrow circle of their own family affections, and selfishness has a ready and strong excuse in necessity. There seems, indeed, to be a sort of chance in the lot of the orphan offspring of paupers. On some the eye of Christian benevolence falls at the very first moment of their uttermost destitution—and their worst sorrows, instead of beginning, terminate with the tears shed over their parents' graves. They are taken by the hands, as soon as their hands have been stretched out for protection, and admitted as inmates into households, whose doors, had their fathers and mothers been alive, they would never have darkened. The light of comfort falls upon them during the gloom of grief, and attends them all their days. Others, again, are overlooked at the first fall of affliction, as if in some unaccountable fatality; the wretchedness with which all have become familiar, no one very tenderly pities; and thus the orphan, reconciled herself to the extreme hardships of her condition, lives on uncheered by those sympathies out of which grow both happiness and virtue, and yielding by degrees to the constant pressure of

her lot, becomes poor in spirit as in estate, and either vegetates like an almost worthless weed that is carelessly trodden on by every foot, or if by nature born a flower, in time loses her lustre, and all her days—not long—leads the life not so much of a servant as of a slave.

Such, till she was twelve years old, had been the fate of Margaret Burnside. Of a slender form and weak constitution, she had never been able for much work; and thus from one discontented and harsh master and mistress to another, she had been transferred from house to house—always the poorest—till she came to be looked on as an encumbrance rather than a help in any family, and thought hardly worth her bread. Sad and sickly she sat on the braes herding the kine. It was supposed that she was in a consumption—and as the shadow of death seemed to lie on the neglected creature's face, a feeling something like love was awakened towards her in the heart of pity, for which she showed her gratitude by still attending to all household tasks with an alacrity beyond her strength. Few doubted that she was dying—and it was plain that she thought so herself; for the Bible, which, in her friendlessness, she had always read more than other children, who were too happy to reflect often on the Word of that Being from whom their happiness flowed, was now, when leisure permitted, seldom or never out of her hands, and in lonely places, where there was no human ear to hearken, did the dying girl often support her heart when quaking in natural fears of the grave, by singing to herself hymns and psalms. But her hour was not

yet come—though by the inscrutable decrees of Providence doomed to be hideous—and sad with almost inexpiable guilt. As for herself—she was innocent as the linnet that sang beside her in the broom, and innocent was she to be up to the last throbbings of her religious heart. When the sunshine fell on the leaves of her Bible, the orphan seemed to see in the holy words, brightening through the radiance, assurances of forgiveness of all her sins—small sins indeed—yet to her humble and contrite heart exceeding great—and to be pardoned only by the intercession of Him who died for us on the tree. Often, when clouds were in the sky, and blackness covered the Book, Hope died away from the discolored page—and the lonely creature wept and sobbed over the doom denounced on all who sin and repent not—whether in deed or in thought. And thus religion became with her an awful thing—till, in her resignation, she feared to die. But look on that flower by the hill-side path, withered, as it seems, beyond the power of sun and air, and dew and rain, to restore it to the beauty of life. Next day, you happen to return to the place, its leaves are of a dazzling green, its blossoms of a dazzling crimson, and its joyful beauty is felt over all the wilderness. So was it with this Orphan. Nature, as if kindling towards her in sudden love, not only restored her in a few weeks to life—but to perfect health; and ere long she, whom few had looked at, and for whom still fewer cared, was acknowledged to be the fairest girl in all the parish—and the most beautiful of any while she continued to sit, as she had always done from very childhood, on the *poor's form* in the lobby of the kirk. Such a face, such a figure, and such a manner, in one so poorly attired, and so meanly placed, attracted the eyes of the young Ladies in the Patron's Gallery. Margaret Burnside was taken under their especial protection—

sent for two years to a superior school, where she was taught all things useful for persons in humble life—and while yet scarcely fifteen, returning to her native parish, was appointed teacher of a small school of her own, to which were sent all the female children that could be spared from home, from those of parents poor as her own had been, up to those of the farmers and small proprietors, who knew the blessings of a good education—and that without it, the minister may preach in vain. And thus Margaret Burnside grew and blossomed like the lily of the field—and every eye blessed her—and she drew her breath in gratitude, piety, and peace.

Thus a few happy and useful years passed by—and it was forgotten by all—but herself—that Margaret Burnside was an orphan. But to be without one near and dear blood-relative in all the world, must often, even to the happy heart of youthful innocence, be more than a pensive—a painful thought; and therefore, though Margaret Burnside was always cheerful among her little scholars, and wore a sweet smile on her face, yet in the retirement of her own room (a pretty parlor, with a window looking into a flower-garden), and on her walks among the braes, her mien was somewhat melancholy, and her eyes wore that touching expression, which seems doubtfully to denote—neither joy nor sadness—but a habit of soul which, in its tranquillity, still partakes of the mournful, as if memory dwelt often on past sorrows, and hope scarcely ventured to indulge in dreams of future repose. That profound orphan-feeling embued her whole character; and sometimes when the young Ladies from the castle smiled praises upon her, she retired in unendurable gratitude to her chamber—and wept.

Among the friends at whose houses she visited were the family at Moorside, the highest hill-farm in

the parish, and on which her father had been a hind. It consisted of the master, a man whose head was grey, his son and daughter, and a grandchild, her scholar, whose parents were dead. Gilbert Adamson had long been a widower—indeed his wife had never been in the parish, but had died abroad. He had been a soldier in his youth and prime of manhood; and when he came to settle at Moorside, he had been looked at with no very friendly eyes; for evil rumors of his character had preceded his arrival there—and in that peaceful pastoral parish, far removed from the world's strife, suspicions, without any good reason perhaps, had attached themselves to the morality and religion of a man, who had seen much foreign service, and had passed the best years of his life in the wars. It was long before these suspicions faded away, and with some they still existed in an invincible feeling of dislike, or even aversion. But the natural fierceness and ferocity which, as these peaceful dwellers among the hills imagined, had at first, in spite of his efforts to control them, often dangerously exhibited themselves in fiery outbreaks, advancing age had gradually subdued; Gilbert Adamson had grown a hard-working and industrious man; affected, if he followed it not in sincerity, even an austere religious life; and as he possessed more than common sagacity and intelligence, he had acquired at last, if not won, a certain ascendancy in the parish, even over many whose hearts never opened nor warmed towards him—so that he was now an elder of the kirk—and, as the most unwilling were obliged to acknowledge, a just steward to the poor. His grey hairs were not honored, but it would not be too much to say that they were respected. Many who had doubted him before came to think they had done him injustice, and sought to wipe away their fault by regarding him with esteem, and showing themselves willing to interchange

all neighborly kindness and services with all the family at Moorside. His son, though somewhat wild and unsteady, and too much addicted to the fascinating pastimes of flood and field, often so ruinous to the sons of labor, and rarely long pursued against the law without vitiating the whole character, was a favorite with all the parish. Singularly handsome, and with manners above his birth, Ludovic was welcome wherever he went, both with young and old. No merry-making could deserve the name without him, and at all meetings for the display of feats of strength and agility, far and wide, through more counties than one, he was the champion. Nor had he received a mean education. All that the parish schoolmaster could teach he knew; and having been the darling companion of all the gentlemen's sons in the Manse, the faculties of his mind had kept pace with theirs, and from them he had caught, too, unconsciously, that demeanor so far superior to what could have been expected from one in his humble condition, but which, at the same time, seemed so congenial with his happy nature, as to be readily acknowledged to be one of its original gifts. Of his sister, Alice, it is sufficient to say, that she was the bosom-friend of Margaret Burnside, and that all who saw their friendship felt that it was just. The small parentless grand-daughter was also dear to Margaret—more than perhaps her heart knew, because that, like herself, she was an orphan. But the creature was also a merry and a madcap child, and her freakish pranks, and playful perversenesses, as she tossed her golden head in untameable glee, and went dancing and singing, like a bird on the boughs of a tree, all day long, by some strange sympathies entirely won the heart of her who, throughout all her own childhood, had been familiar with grief, and a lonely shedder of tears. And thus did Margaret love her, it might be said, even with a very mother's

love. She generally passed her free Saturday afternoons at Moor-side, and often slept there all night with little Ann in her bosom. At such times Ludovic was never from home, and many a Sabbath he walked with her to the kirk—all the family together—and *once* by themselves for miles along the moor—a forenoon of perfect sunshine, which returned upon him in his agony on his dying day.

No one said, no one thought that Ludovic and Margaret were lovers—nor were they, though well worthy indeed of each other's love; for the orphan's whole heart was filled and satisfied with a sense of duty, and all its affections were centred in her happy school, where all eyes blessed her, and where she had been placed for the good of all those innocent creatures, by them who had rescued her from the penury that kills the soul, and of whose gracious bounty she every night dreamt in her sleep. In her prayers she beseeched God to bless them rather than the wretch on her knees—their images, their names, were ever before her eyes and on her ear; and next to that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, and comes from the footstool of God into the humble, lowly, and contrite heart, was to that orphan, day and night, waking or asleep, the deep bliss of her gratitude. And thus Ludovic to her was a brother, and no more; a name sacred as that of sister, by which she always called her Alice, and was so called in return. But to Ludovic, who had a soul of fire, Margaret was dearer far than ever sister was to the brother whom, at the sacrifice of her own life, she might have rescued from death. Go where he might, a phantom was at his side—a pale fair face forever fixed its melancholy eyes on his, as if foreboding something dismal even when they faintly smiled; and once he awoke at midnight, when all the house were asleep, crying with shrieks, "O God of mercy! Margaret is

murdered!" Mysterious passion of Love! that darkens its own dreams of delight with unimaginable horrors! Shall we call such dire bewilderment the superstition of troubled fantasy, or the inspiration of the prophetic soul!

From what seemingly insignificant sources—and by means of what humble instruments—may this life's best happiness be diffused over the households of industrious men! Here was the orphan daughter of forgotten paupers, both dead ere she could speak; herself, during all her melancholy childhood, a pauper even more enslaved than ever they had been—one of the most neglected and unvalued of all God's creatures—who, had she then died, would have been buried in some nettled nook of the kirkyard, nor her grave been watered almost by one single tear—suddenly brought out from the cold and cruel shade in which she had been withering away, by the interposition of human but angelic hands, into the heaven's most gracious sunshine, where all at once her beauty blossomed like the rose. She, who for so many years had been even begrudgingly fed on the poorest and scantiest fare, by Penury ungrateful for all her weak but zealous efforts to please by doing her best, in sickness and sorrow, at all her tasks, in or out of doors, and in all weathers, however rough and severe—was now raised to the rank of a moral, intellectual, and religious being, and presided over, tended, and instructed many little ones, far far happier in their childhood than it had been her lot to be, and all growing up beneath her now untroubled eyes, in innocence, love, and joy inspired into their hearts by her their young and happy benefactress. Not a human dwelling in all the parish, that had not reason to be thankful to Margaret Burnside. She taught them to be pleasant in their manners, neat in their persons, rational in their minds, pure in their hearts, and industrious in all their habits. Rude-

ness, coarseness, sullenness, all angry fits, and all idle dispositions—the besetting vices and sins of the children of the poor, whose home-education is often so miserably, and almost necessarily neglected—did this sweet Teacher, by the divine influence of meekness never ruffled, and tenderness never troubled, in a few months subdue and overcome—till her school-room, every day in the week, was, in its cheerfulness, sacred as a Sabbath, and murmured from morn till eve with the hum of perpetual happiness. The effects were soon felt in every house. All floors were tidier, and order and regularity enlivened every heart. It was the pride of her scholars to get their own little gardens behind their parents' huts to bloom like that of the Brae—and in imitation of that flowery porch, to train up the pretty creepers on the wall. In the kirk-yard, a smiling group every Sabbath forenoon waited for her at the gate—and walked, with her at their head, into the House of God—a beautiful procession to all their parents' eyes—one by one dropping away into their own seats, as the band moved along the little lobby, and the minister sitting in the pulpit all the while, looked solemnly down upon the fair flock—the shepherd of their souls!

It was Sabbath, but Margaret Burnside was not in the kirk. The congregation had risen to join in prayer, when the great door was thrown open, and a woman, appeared as for the house of worship, but wild and ghastly in her face and eyes as a maniac hunted by evil spirits, burst in upon the service, and, with uplifted hands, beseeched the man of God to forgive her irreverent entrance, for that foulest and most unnatural murder had been done, and that her own eyes had seen the corpse of Margaret Burnside lying on the moor in a pool of blood! The congregation gave one groan, and then an outcry as if the roof of the kirk had been toppling over their heads. All cheeks

waxed white, women fainted, and the firmest heart quaked with terror and pity, as once and again the affrighted witness, in the same words, described the horrid spectacle, and then rushed out into the open air, followed by hundreds, who, for some minutes, had been palsy-stricken; and now the kirkyard was all in a tumult round the body of her who lay in a swoon. In the midst of that dreadful ferment, there were voices crying aloud that the poor woman was mad, and that such horror could not be beneath the sun; for such a perpetration on the Sabbath-day, and first heard of just as the prayers of his people were about to ascend to the Father of all mercies, shocked belief, and doubt struggled with despair as in the helpless shudderings of some dream of blood. The crowd were at last prevailed on by their pastor to disperse, and sit down on the tomb-stones, and water being sprinkled over the face of her who still lay in that mortal swoon, and the air suffered to circulate freely round her, she again opened her glassy eyes, and raising herself on her elbow, stared on the multitude, all gathered there so wan and silent, and shrieked out, “The Day of Judgment! The Day of Judgment!”

The aged minister raised her on her feet, and led her to a grave, on which she sat down, and hid her face on his knees. “O that I should have lived to see the day—but dreadful are the decrees of the Most High—and she whom we all loved has been cruelly murdered! Carry me with you, people, and I will show you where lies her corpse.”

“Where—where is Ludovic Adamson?” cried a hoarse voice which none there had ever heard before; and all eyes were turned in one direction; but none knew who had spoken, and all again was hush. Then all at once a hundred voices repeated the same words, “Where—where is Ludovic Adamson?” and there was no reply.

Then, indeed, was the kirkyard in an angry and a wrathful ferment, and men looked far into each other's eyes for confirmation of their suspicions. And there was whispering about things, that, though in themselves light as air, seemed now charged with hideous import; and then arose sacred appeals to Heaven's eternal justice, horribly mingled with oaths and curses; and all the crowd, springing to their feet, pronounced, "that no other but he could be the murderer."

It was remembered now, that for months past, Margaret Burnside had often looked melancholy—that her visits had been less frequent to Moorside—and one person in the crowd said, that a few weeks ago she had come upon them suddenly in a retired place, when Margaret was weeping bitterly, and Ludovic tossing his arms, seemingly in wrath and distraction. All agreed that of late he had led a disturbed and reckless life—and that something dark and suspicious had hung about him, wherever he went, as if he were haunted by an evil conscience. But did not strange men sometimes pass through the Moor—squalid mendicants, robber-like from the far-off city—one by one, yet seemingly belonging to the same gang—with bludgeons in their hands—half-naked, and often drunken in their hunger, as at the doors of lonesome houses they demanded alms, or more like foot-pads than beggars, with stern gestures, rising up from the ditches on the wayside, stopped the frightened women and children going upon errands, and thanklessly received pence from the poor? One of them must have been the murderer! But then, again, the whole tide of suspicion would set in upon Ludovic—her lover—for the darker and more dreadful the guilt, the more welcome is it to the fears of the imagination when its waking dreams are floating in blood!

A tall figure came forward from the porch, and all was silence, when

the congregation beheld the Father of the suspected criminal! He stood still as a tree in a calm day,—trunk, limbs, moved not,—and his grey head was uncovered. He then stretched out his arm, not in an imploring, but in a commanding attitude, and essayed to speak; but his white lips quivered, and his tongue refused its office. At last, almost fiercely, he uttered, "Who dares denounce my son?" and like the growing thunder, the crowd cried, "All—all—he is the murderer!" Some said that the old man smiled; but it could have been but a convulsion of the features—outraged nature's wrung-out and writhing expression of disdain, to show how a father's love brooks the cruelty of foolish falsehood and injustice.

Men, women, and children—all whom grief and horror had not made helpless—moved away towards the Moor—the woman who had seen the sight leading the way—for now her whole strength had returned to her, and she was drawn and driven by an irresistible passion to look again at what had almost destroyed her judgment. Now they were miles from the kirk, and over some brushwood, at the edge of a morass some distance from the common footpath, crows were seen diving and careering in the air, and a raven flapping suddenly out of the covert, sailed away with a savage croak along a range of cliffs. The whole multitude stood stock still at that carrion-sound. The guide said shudderingly, in a low hurried voice, "See, see—that is her mantle,"—and there indeed Margaret lay, all in a heap, maimed, mangled, murdered, with a hundred gashes. The corpse seemed as if it had been baked in frost, and was embedded in coagulated blood. Shreds and patches of her dress, torn away from her bosom, bestrewed the bushes—for many yards round about there had been the trampling of feet, and a long lock of hair that had been torn from her temples, with the

dews yet unmelted on it, was lying upon a plant of broom a little way from the corpse. The first to lift the body from the horrid bed was Gilbert Adamson. He had been long familiar with death in all its ghastliness, and all had now looked to him—forgetting for the moment that he was the father of the murderer—to perform the task from which they recoiled in horror. Resting on one knee, he placed the corpse on the other—and who could have believed, that even the most violent and cruel death could have wrought such a change on a face once so beautiful! All was distortion—and terrible it was to see the dim glazed eyes, fixedly open, and the orbs insensible to the strong sun that smote her face white as snow among the streaks as if left by bloody fingers! Her throat was all discolored—and a silk handkerchief twisted into a cord that had manifestly been used in the murder, was of a redder hue than when it had veiled her breast. No one knows what horror his eyes are able to look on, till they are tried. A circle of stupefied gazers was drawn by a horrid fascination closer and closer round the corpse—and women stood there holding children by the hands, and fainted not, but observed the sight, and shuddered without shrieking, and stood there all dumb as ghosts. But the body was now borne along by many hands—at first none knew in what direction, till many voices muttered, “To Moorside—to Moorside”—and in an hour it was laid on the bed in which Margaret Burnside had so often slept with her beloved little Ann in her bosom.

The hand of some one had thrown a cloth over the corpse. The room was filled with people—but all their power and capacity of horror had been exhausted—and the silence was now almost like that which attends a natural death, when all the neighbors are assembled for the funeral. Alice, with little Ann beside her, kneeled at the bed, nor

feared to lean her head close to the covered corpse—sobbing out syllables that showed how passionately she prayed—and that she and her little niece—and, oh! for that unhappy father—were delivering themselves up into the hands of God. That father knelt not—neither did he sit down—nor move—nor groan—but stood at the foot of the bed, with arms folded almost sternly—and with his eyes fixed on the sheet, in which there seemed to be neither ruth nor dread—but only an austere composure, which, were it indeed but resignation to that dismal decree of Providence, had been most sublime—but who can see into the heart of a man either righteous or wicked, and know what may be passing there, breathed from the gates of heaven or of hell!

Soon as the body had been found, shepherds and herdsmen, fleet of foot as the deer, had set off to scour the country far and wide, hill and glen, mountain and morass, moor and wood, for the murderer. If he be on the face of the earth, and not self-plunged in despairing suicide into some quagmire, he will be found,—for all the population of many districts are now afoot, and precipices are clomb till now brushed but by the falcons. A figure, like that of a man, is seen by some of the hunters from a hill top, lying among the stones by the side of a solitary loch. They separate, and descend upon him, and then gathering in, they behold the man whom they seek, Ludovic Adamson, the murderer.

His face is pale and haggard—yet flushed as if by a fever centred in his heart. That is no dress fit for the Sabbath-day—soiled and savage-looking—and giving to the eyes that search an assurance of guilt. He starts to his feet, as they think, like some wild beast surprised in his lair, and gathering itself up to fight or fly. But—strange enormity—a Bible is in his hand! And the shepherd who first seized him, taking the book out of his

grasp, looks into the page, and reads, "Whoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be surely shed." On a leaf is written, in her own well-known hand, "The gift of Margaret Burnside!" Not a word is said by his captors—they offer no needless violence—no indignities—but answer all inquiries of surprise and astonishment (O! can one so young be so hardened in wickedness!) by a stern silence, and upbraiding eyes, that like daggers must stab his heart. At last he walks doggedly and sullenly along, and refuses to speak—yet his tread is firm—there is no want of composure in his face—now that the first passion of fear or anger has left it; and now that they have the murderer in their clutch, some begin almost to pity him, and others to believe, or at least to hope, that he may be innocent. As yet they have said not a word of the crime of which they accuse him—but let him try to master the expression of his voice and his eyes as he may, guilt is in those stealthy glances—guilt is in those reckless tones—And why does he seek to hide his right hand in his bosom?—And whatever he may affect to say—they ask him not—most certainly that stain on his shirt-collar is blood. But now they are at Moorside.

There is still a great crowd all round about the house—in the garden—and at the door—and a troubled cry announces that the criminal has been taken, and is close at hand. His father meets him at the gate—and, kneeling down, holds up his clasped hands, and says, "My son, if thou art guilty, confess, and die." The criminal angrily waves his father aside, and walks towards the door. "Fools! fools! what mean ye by this? What crime has been committed? And how dare ye to think me the criminal? Am I like a murderer?"—"We never spoke to him of the murder—we never spoke to him of the murder!" cried one of the men who now held him by the arm; and all assembled

then exclaimed, "Guilty, guilty—that one word will hang him! O, pity, pity, for his father and poor sister—this will break their hearts!" Appalled, yet firm of foot, the prisoner forced his way into the house; and turning, in his confusion, into the chamber on the left, there he beheld the corpse of the murdered on the bed—for the sheet had been removed—as yet not laid out, and disfigured and deformed just as she had been found on the moor, in the same misshapen heap of death! One long insane glare—one shriek, as if all his heartstrings at once had burst—and then down fell the strong man on the floor like lead. One trial was past which no human hardihood could endure—another, and yet another, awaits him—but these he will bear as the guilty brave have often borne them, and the most searching eye shall not see him quail at the bar or on the scaffold.

They lifted the stricken wretch from the floor, placed him in a chair, and held him upright, till he should revive from the fit. And he soon did revive; for health flowed in all his veins, and he had the strength of a giant. But when his senses returned, there was none to pity him; for the shock had given an expression of guilty horror to all his looks, and, like a man walking in his sleep under the temptation of some dreadful dream, he moved with fixed eyes towards the bed, and looking at the corpse, gobbled in hideous laughter, and then wept and tore his hair like a distracted woman or a child. Then he stooped down as he would kiss the face, but staggered back, and, covering his eyes with his hands, uttered such a groan as is sometimes heard rending the sinner's breast when the avenging Furies are upon him in his dreams. All who heard it felt that he was guilty—and there was a fierce cry through the room of, "Make him touch the body, and if he be the murderer, it will bleed!"—"Fear not, Ludovic, to touch it,

my boy,"—said his father ; " bleed afresh it will not, for thou art innocent ; and savage though now they be, who once were proud to be thy friends, even they will believe thee guiltless when the corpse refuses to bear witness against thee—and not a drop leaves its quiet heart ! " But his son spake not a word, nor did he seem to know that his father had spoken, but he suffered himself to be led passively towards the bed. One of the bystanders took his hand and placed it on the naked breast, when out of the corners of the teeth-clenched mouth, and out of the swollen nostrils, two or three blood-drops visibly oozed—and a sort of shrieking shout declared the sacred faith of all the crowd in the dreadful ordeal. " What body is this ? 'tis all over blood ! " said the prisoner, looking with an idiot vacancy on the faces that surrounded him. But now the sheriff of the county entered the room, along with some officers of justice—and he was spared any farther shocks from that old saving superstition. His wrists soon after were manacled. These were all the words he had uttered since he recovered from the fit—and he seemed now in a state of stupor.

Ludovic Adamson, after examination of witnesses who crowded against him from many unexpected quarters, was committed that very Sabbath night to prison on a charge of murder. On the Tuesday following, the remains of Margaret Burnside were interred. All the parish were at the funeral. In Scotland it is not customary for females to join in the last simple ceremonies of death. But in this case they did ; and all her scholars, in the same white dresses in which they used to walk with her at their head into the kirk on Sabbaths, followed the bier. Alice and little Ann were there, nearest the coffin, and the father of him who had wrought all this woe was one of its supporters. The head of the murdered girl rested, it might be said,

on his shoulder—but none can know the strength which God gives to his servants—and all present felt for him as he walked steadily under that dismal burden, a pity, and even an affection, which they had been unable to yield to him ere he had been so sorely tried. The Ladies from the Castle were among the other mourners, and stood by the open grave. A sunnier day had never shone from heaven, and that very grave itself partook of the brightness, as the coffin, with the gilt letters—" Margaret Burnside—Aged 18"—was let down, and in the darkness below disappeared. No flowers were sprinkled there—nor afterwards planted on the turf—vain offerings of unavailing sorrow ! But in that nook—beside the bodies of her poor parents—she was left for the grass to grow over her, as over the other humble dead—and nothing but the very simplest headstone was placed there, with a sentence from Scripture below the name. There was less weeping, less sobbing, than at many other funerals ; for as sure as Mercy ruled the skies, all believed that she was there—all knew it, just as if the gates of heaven had opened and showed her a white-robed spirit at the right hand of the throne. And why should any rueful lamentation have been wailed over the senseless dust ! But on the way home over the hills, and in the hush of evening beside their hearths, and in the stillness of night on their beds—all—young and old—all did nothing but weep !

For weeks—such was the pity, grief, and awe inspired by this portentous crime and lamentable calamity, that all the domestic ongoings in all the houses far and wide, were melancholy and mournful, as if the country had been fearing a visitation of the plague. Sin, it was felt, had brought not only sorrow on the parish, but shame that ages would not wipe away ; and strangers, as they traveled through the moor, would point the place

where the foulest murder had been committed in all the annals of crime. As for the family at Moorside—the daughter had their boundless compassion—though no eye had seen her since the funeral; but people, in speaking of the father, would still shake their heads, and put their fingers to their lips, and say to one another in whispers, that Gilbert Adamson had once been a bold, bad man—that his religion, in spite of all his repulsive austerity, wore not the aspect of truth—and that had he held a stricter and a stronger hand on the errors of his misguided son, this foul deed had not been perpetrated, nor that wretched sinner's soul given to perdition. Yet others had gentler and humaner thoughts. They remembered him walking along God-supported beneath the bier—and at the mouth of the grave—and feared to look on that head—formerly grizzled, but now quite grey—when on the very first Sabbath after the murder he took his place in the elder's seat—and was able to stand up along with the rest of the congregation, when the minister prayed for peace to his soul, and hoped for the deliverance out of jeopardy of him now lying in bonds. A low Amen went all round the kirk at these words—for the most hopeless called to mind that maxim of law, equity, and justice—that every man under accusation of crime should be held innocent till he is proved to be guilty. Nay, a human tribunal might condemn him, and yet might he stand acquitted before the tribunal of God.

There were various accounts of the behavior of the prisoner. Some said that he was desperately hardened—others, sunk in sullen apathy and indifference—and one or two persons belonging to the parish who had seen him, declared that he seemed to care not for himself, but to be plunged in profound melancholy for the fate of Margaret Burnside, whose name he voluntarily mentioned, and then bowed his head on his knees and wept. His

guilt he neither admitted at that interview, nor denied—but he confessed that some circumstances bore hard against him—and that he was prepared for the event of his trial—condemnation and death. “But if you are not guilty, Ludovic, *who can be the murderer?* Not the slightest shade of suspicion has fallen on any other person—and did not, alas! the body bleed when?”

—The unhappy wretch sprang up from the bed, it was said, at these words, and hurried like a madman back and forward along the stone-floor of his cell. “Yea—yea,” at last he cried, “the mouth and nostrils of my Margaret did indeed bleed, when they pressed down my hand on her cold bosom. It is God's truth!” —“God's truth?” —“Yes—God's truth. I saw one drop, and then another, trickle towards me—and I prayed to our Saviour to wipe them off before other eyes might behold the dreadful witnesses against me—but at that hour Heaven was most unmerciful—for those two small drops—as all of you saw—soon became a very stream—and all her face, neck, and breast—you saw it as well as I miserable—were at last drenched in blood. Then I may have confessed that I was guilty—did I, or did I not, confess it? Tell me—for I remember nothing distinctly;—but if I did—the judgment of offended Heaven, then punishing me for my sins, had made me worse than mad—and so had all your abhorrent eyes—and, men, if I did confess, it was the cruelty of God that drove me to it—and your cruelty—which was great—for no pity had any one for me that day, though Margaret Burnside lay before me a murdered corpse—and a hoarse whisper came to my ear urging me to confess—I well believe from no human lips, but from the Father of Lies, who, at that hour, was suffered to leave the pit to ensnare my soul.” Such was said to have been the main sense of what he uttered in the presence of

two or three who had formerly been among his most intimate friends, and who knew not, on leaving his cell and coming into the open air, whether to think him innocent or guilty. As long as they thought they saw his eyes regarding them, and that they heard his voice speaking, they believed him innocent—but when the expression of the tone of his voice, and of the look of his eyes—which they had felt belonged to innocence—died away from their memory—then arose against him the strong, strange circumstantial evidence, which—wisely or unwisely—lawyers and judges have said *cannot lie*—and then, in their hearts, one and all of them pronounced him guilty.

But had not his father often visited the prisoner's cell? Once—and once only—for in obedience to his son's passionate prayer, beseeching him—if there were any mercy left either on earth or heaven—never more to enter that dungeon, the miserable parent had not again entered the prison—but he had been seen one morning at dawn, by one who knew his person, walking round and round the walls, staring up at the black building in distraction, especially at one small grated window in the north tower—and it is most probable that he had been pacing his rounds there during all the night. Nobody could conjecture, however dimly, what was the meaning of his banishment from his son's cell. Gilbert Adamson, so stern to others, even to his own only daughter, had been always but too indulgent to his Ludovic—and had that lost wretch's guilt, so exceeding great, changed his heart into stone, and made the sight of his old father's grey hairs hateful to his eyes? But then the jailor, who had heard him imploring—beseeching—commanding his father to remain till after the trial at Moorside, said, that all the while the prisoner sobbed and wept like a child—and that when he unlocked the door of the cell, to let the old

man out, it was a hard thing to tear away the arms and hands of Ludovic from his knees, while the father sat like a stone-image on the bed, and kept his tearless eyes fixed sternly upon the wall, as if not a soul had been present, and he himself had been a criminal condemned next day to die.

The father had obeyed, *religiously*, that miserable injunction, and from religion it seemed that he had found comfort. For Sabbath after Sabbath he was at the kirk—he stood, as he had been wont to do for years, at the poor's-plate, and returned grave salutations to those who dropt their mite into the small sacred treasury—his eyes calmly, and even critically, regarded the pastor during prayer and sermon—and his deep bass voice was heard, as usual, through all the house of God, in the Psalms. On week-days, he was seen by passers-by to drive his flocks a-field, and to overlook his sheep on the hill pastures, or in the pinfold; and as it was still spring, and seed-time had been late this season, he was observed holding the plough, as of yore—nor had his skill deserted him—for the furrows were as straight as if drawn by a rule on paper—and soon bright and beautiful was the braird on all the low lands of his farm. The Comforter was with him, and, sorely as he had been tried, his heart was not yet wholly broken, and it was believed that, for years, he might outlive the blow that at first had seemed more than a mortal man might bear and be! Yet that his woe, though hidden, was dismal, all erelong knew, from certain tokens that intrenched his face—cheeks shrunk and fallen, brow not so much furrowed as scarred, eyes quenched, hair thinner and thinner far, as if he himself had torn it away in handfuls during the solitude of midnight—and now absolutely as white as snow; and over the whole man an indescribable ancientness far beyond his years—though they were many, and most of them had

been passed in torrid climes—all showed how grief has its agonies as destructive as those of guilt, and those the most wasting when they work in the heart, and in the brain, unrelieved by the shedding of one single tear—when the very soul turns dry as dust, and life is imprisoned, rather than mingled, in the decaying—the mouldering frame!

The Day of Trial came, and all labor was suspended in the parish, as if it had been a mourning fast. Hundreds of people from this remote district poured into the circuit town, and besieged the court-house. Horsemen were in readiness, soon as the verdict should be returned, to carry the intelligence—of life or death—to all those glens. A few words will suffice to tell the trial, the nature of the evidence, and its issue. The prisoner, who stood at the bar, in black, appeared—though miserably changed from a man of great muscular power and activity, a magnificent man, into a tall thin shadow—perfectly unappalled; but in a face so white, and wasted, and woe-begone, the most profound physiognomist could read not one faintest symptom either of hope or fear, trembling or trust, guilt or innocence. He hardly seemed to belong to this world, and stood fearfully and ghastly conspicuous between the officers of justice, above all the crowd that devoured him with their eyes, all leaning towards the bar to catch the first sound of his voice, when to the indictment he should plead “Not guilty.” These words he did utter, in a hollow voice altogether passionless, and then was suffered to sit down, which he did in a manner destitute of all emotion. During all the many long hours of his trial, he never moved head, limbs, or body, except once, when he drank some water, which he had not asked for, but which was given to him by a friend. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, and consisted of a few damning facts, and of many of the very slightest sort, which, taken singly,

seemed to mean nothing, but which, when considered all together, seemed to mean something against him—how much or how little, there were among the agitated audience many differing opinions. But slight as they were, either singly or together, they told fearfully against the prisoner, when connected with the fatal few which no ingenuity could ever explain away; and though ingenuity did all it could do, when wielded by eloquence of the highest order—and as the prisoner’s counsel sat down, there went a rustle and a buzz through the court, and a communication of looks and whispers, that seemed to denote that there were hopes of his acquittal—yet, if such hopes there were, they were deadened by the calm, clear, logical address to the jury by the counsel for the crown, and destroyed by the judge’s charge, which amounted almost to a demonstration of guilt, and concluded with a confession due to his oath and conscience, that he saw not how the jury could do their duty to their Creator, and their fellow-creatures, but by returning *one* verdict. They retired to consider it; and during a deathlike silence, all eyes were bent on a deathlike image.

It had appeared in evidence, that the murder had been committed—at least all the gashes inflicted—for there were also finger-marks of strangulation—with a bill-hook, such as foresters use in lopping trees—and several witnesses swore that the bill-hook which was shown them, stained with blood, and with hair sticking on the haft—belonged to Ludovic Adamson. It was also given in evidence—though some doubts rested on the nature of the precise words—that on that day, in the room with the corpse, he had given a wild and incoherent denial to the question then put to him in the din, “What he had done with the bill-hook?” Nobody had seen it in his possession since the spring before—but it had been found, after several weeks’ search, in a hag in the moss,

in the direction that he would have most probably taken—had he been the murderer—when flying from the spot to the loch where he was seized. The shoes which he had on when taken, fitted the foot-marks on the ground, not far from the place of the murder, but not so perfectly as another pair which were found in the house. But that other pair, it was proved, belonged to the old man; and therefore the correspondence between the foot-marks and the prisoner's shoes, though not perfect, was a circumstance of much suspicion. But a far stronger fact, in this part of the evidence, was sworn to against the prisoner. Though there was no blood on his shoes—when apprehended his legs were bare—though that circumstance, strange as it may seem, had never been noticed till he was on the way to prison! His stockings had been next day found lying on the sward, near the shore of the loch, manifestly after having been washed and laid out to dry in the sun. At mention of this circumstance a cold shudder ran through the court; but neither that, nor indeed any other circumstance in all the evidence—not even the account of the appearance which the murdered body exhibited when found on the moor, or when afterwards laid on the bed—extorted from the prisoner one groan—one sigh—or touched the imperturbable deathliness of his countenance. It was proved, that when searched—in prison—and not before—for the agitation that reigned over all assembled in the room at Moorside that dreadful day, had confounded even those accustomed to deal with suspected criminals—there were found in his pocket a small French gold watch, and also a gold brooch, which the Ladies of the Castle had given to Margaret Burnside. On these being taken from him, he had said nothing but looked aghast. A piece of torn and bloody paper, which had been picked up near the body, was sworn to be in his handwriting; and

though the meaning of the words yet legible was obscure, they seemed to express a request that Margaret would meet him on the moor on that Saturday afternoon she was murdered. The words, "Saturday"—"meet me"—"last time"—were not indistinct, and the paper was of the same quality and color with some found in a drawer in his bedroom at Moorside. It was proved that he had been drinking with some dissolute persons—poachers and the like—in a public-house in a neighboring parish all Saturday, till well on in the afternoon, when he left them in a state of intoxication—and was then seen running along the hillside in the direction of the moor. Where he passed the night between the Saturday and the Sabbath, he could give no account, except once when, unasked, and as if speaking to himself, he was overheard by the jailor to mutter, "Oh! that fatal night—that fatal night!" And then, when suddenly interrogated, "Where were you?" he answered, "Asleep on the hill;" and immediately relapsed into a state of mental abstraction. These were the chief circumstances against him, which his counsel had striven to explain away. That most eloquent person dwelt with affecting earnestness on the wickedness of putting any evil construction on the distracted behavior of the wretched man when brought without warning upon the sudden sight of the mangled corpse of the beautiful girl, whom all allowed he had most passionately and tenderly loved; and he strove to prove—as he did prove to the conviction of many—that such behaviour was incompatible with such guilt, and almost of itself established his innocence. All that was sworn to *against* him, as having passed in that dreadful room, was in truth *for* him—unless all our knowledge of the best and of the worst of human nature were, as folly, to be given to the winds. He beseeched the jury, therefore, to look at all the other circumstances that did indeed seem

to bear hard upon the prisoner, in the light of his innocence, and not of his guilt, and that they would all fade into nothing. What mattered his possession of the watch and other trinkets? Lovers as they were, might not the unhappy girl have given them to him for temporary keepsakes? Or might he not have taken them from her in some playful mood, or received them—(and the brooch was cracked, and the main-spring of the watch broken, though the glass was whole)—to get them repaired in the town, which he often visited, and she never? Could human credulity for one moment believe, that such a man as the prisoner at the bar had been sworn to be by a host of witnesses—and especially by that witness, who, with such overwhelming solemnity, had declared he loved him as his own son, and would have been proud if heaven had given him such a son—he who had baptized him, and known him well ever since a child,—that such a man could *rob* the body of her whom he had violated and murdered? If, under the instigation of the devil, he had violated and murdered her, and for a moment were made the hideous supposition, did vast hell hold that demon whose voice would have tempted the violator and murderer—suppose him both—yea that man at the bar—sworn to by all the parish, if need were, as a man of tenderest charities, and generosity unbounded,—in the lust of lucre, consequent on the satiating of another lust—to rob his victim of a few trinkets! Let loose the wildest imagination into the realms of wildest wickedness, and yet they dared not, as they feared God, to credit for a moment the union of such appalling and such paltry guilt, *in that man* who now trembled not before them, but who seemed cut off from all the sensibilities of this life by the scythe of Misery that had shorn him down! But why try to recount, however feebly, the line of defence taken by the speaker, who on that day seemed

all but inspired. The sea may overturn rocks, or fire consume them till they split in pieces; but a crisis there sometimes is in man's destiny, which all the powers ever lodged in the lips of man, were they touched with a coal from heaven, cannot avert, and when even he who strives to save, feels and knows that he is striving all in vain—aye, vain as a worm—to arrest the tread of Fate about to trample down its victim into the dust. All hoped—many almost believed—that the prisoner would be acquitted—that a verdict of “Not Proven,” at least, if not of “Not Guilty,” would be returned—but *they* had not been sworn to do justice before man and before God—and, if need were, to seal up even the fountains of mercy in their hearts—flowing, and easily set a-flowing, by such a spectacle as that bar presented—a man already seeming to belong unto the dead!

In about a quarter of an hour the jury returned to the box—and the verdict, having been sealed with black wax, was handed up to the Judge, who read, “We unanimously find the prisoner Guilty.” He then stood up to receive sentence of death. Not a dry eye was in the court during the Judge's solemn and affecting address to the criminal—except those of the Shadow on whom had been pronounced the doom. “Your body will be hung in chains on the moor—on a gibbet erected on the spot where you murdered the victim of your unhallowed lust, and there will your bones bleach in the sun, and rattle in the wind, after the insects and the birds of the air have devoured your flesh; and in all future times, the spot on which, God-forsaking and God-forsaken, you perpetrated that double crime, at which all humanity shudders, will be looked on from afar by the traveller passing through that lonesome wild, with a sacred horror!”—Here the voice of the Judge faltered, and he covered his face with his hands; but the prisoner stood unmoved in figure, and in face untroubled—and

when all was closed, was removed from the bar, the same ghostlike and unearthly phantom, seemingly unconscious of what had passed, or even of his own existence.

Surely now he will suffer his old father to visit him in his cell ! "Once more only—only once more let me see him before I die !" were his words to the clergyman of the parish, whose Manse he had so often visited, when a young and happy boy ! That servant of Christ had not forsaken him, whom now all the world had forsaken. As free from sin himself as might be mortal and fallen man—mortal because fallen—he knew from Scripture and from nature, that in "the lowest deep there is still a lower deep" in wickedness, into which all of woman born may fall, unless held back by the arm of the Almighty Being, whom they must serve steadfastly in holiness and in truth. He knew, too, from the same source, that man cannot sin beyond the reach of God's mercy—if the worst of all imaginable sinners seek, in a Bible-breathed spirit at last, that mercy through the Atonement of the Redeemer. Daily—and nightly—he visited that cell ; nor did he fear to touch the hand—now wasted to the bone—which, at the temptation of the Prince of the Air, who is mysteriously suffered to enter in at the gates of every human heart that is guarded not by the flaming sword of God's own Seraphim—was lately drenched in the blood of the most innocent creature that ever looked on the day. Yet a sore trial it was to his Christianity to find the criminal so obdurate. He would make no confession ! Yet said that it was fit—that it was far best—he should die !—that he deserved death ! But ever when the deed without a name was alluded to, his tongue was tied—and once in the midst of an impassioned prayer, beseeching him to listen to conscience and confess—he that prayed shuddered to behold him frown, and to hear bursting out in terrible energy,

"Cease—cease to torment me, or you will drive me to deny my God !"

No father came to visit him in his cell. On the day of trial he had been missing from Moorside, and was seen next morning—(where he had been all night never was known—though it was afterwards rumored, that one like him had been seen sitting, as the gloaming darkened, on the very spot of the murder)—wandering about the hills, hither and thither, and round and round about, like a man stricken with blindness, and vainly seeking to find his home. When brought into the house, his senses were gone, and he had lost the power of speech. All he could do was to mutter some disjointed syllables, which he did continually, without one moment's cessation, one unintelligible and most rueful moan ! The figure of his daughter seemed to cast no image on his eyes—blind and dumb he sat where he had been placed, perpetually wringing his hands, with his shaggy eyebrows drawn high up his forehead, and the fixed orbs—though stone-blind, at least to all real things—beneath them flashing fire. He had borne up bravely—almost to the last—but had some tongue syllabled his son's doom to him in the wilderness, and at that instant had insanity smitten his soul ?

Such utter prostration of intellect had been expected by none ; for the old man up to the very night before the Trial had expressed the most confident trust of his son's acquittal. Nothing had ever served to shake his conviction of his innocence—though he had always forborne speaking about the circumstances of the murder—and had communicated to nobody any of the grounds on which he more than hoped in a case so hopeless ; and though a trouble in his eyes often gave the lie to his lips when he used to say to the silent neighbors, "We shall soon see him back at Moorside." Had his belief in his Ludovic's innocence, and his trust in God that that innocence would be established and set free, been so sacred, that the blow, when

it did come, had smitten him like a hammer, and felled him to the ground, from which he had risen with a brain rent and riven? In whatever way the shock had been given, it had been terrible; for old Gilbert Adamson was now a confirmed lunatic, and keepers were in Moorside—not keepers from a mad-house—for his daughter could not afford such tendance—but two of her brother's friends, who sat up with him alternately, night and day, while the arms of the old man, in his distraction, had to be bound with cords. That dreadful moaning was at an end now; but the echoes of the hills responded to his yells and shrieks; and people were afraid to go near the house. It was proposed among the neighbors to take Alice and little Ann out of it; and an asylum for them was in the Manse; but Alice would not stir at all their entreaties; and as, in such a case, it would have been too shocking to tear her away by violence, she was suffered to remain with him who knew her not, but who often—it was said—stared distractedly upon her, as if she had been some fiend sent in upon his insanity from the place of punishment. Weeks passed on, and still she was there—hiding herself at times from those terrified eyes; and from her watching corner, waiting from morn till night, and from night till morn—for she never lay down to sleep, and had never undressed herself since that fatal sentence—for some moment of exhausted horror, when she might steal out, and carry some slight gleam of comfort, however evanescent, to the glimmer or the gloom in which the brain of her Father swam through a dream of blood. But there were no lucid intervals; and ever as she moved towards him, like a pitying angel, did he furiously rage against her, as if she had been a fiend. At last, she who, though yet so young, had lived to see the murdered corpse of her dearest friend—murdered by her own only brother, whom, in secret, that

murdered maiden had most tenderly loved—that murderous brother loaded with prison-chains, and condemned to the gibbet, for inexpiable and unpardonable crimes—her father raving like a demon, self-murderous were his hands but free, nor visited by one glimpse of mercy from Him who rules the skies—after having borne more than, as she meekly said, had ever poor girl borne, she took to her bed quite heart-broken, and, the night before the day of execution, died. As for poor little Ann, she had been wiled away some weeks before; and in the blessed thoughtlessness of childhood, was not without hours of happiness among her playmates on the braes!

The Morning of that Day arose, and the Moor was all blackened with people round the tall gibbet, that seemed to have grown, with its horrid arms, out of the ground, during the night. No sound of axes or of hammers had been heard clinking during the dark hours—nothing had been seen passing along the road—for the windows of all the houses from which anything could have been seen, had been shut fast against all horrid sights—and the horses' hoofs and the wheels must have been muffled that had brought that hideous Frame-work to the Moor! But there it now stood—a dreadful Tree! The sun moved higher and higher up the sky, and all the eyes of that congregation were at once turned towards the east, for a dull sound, as of rumbling wheels and trampling feet, seemed shaking the Moor in that direction; and lo! surrounded with armed men on horseback, and environed with halberds, came on a cart, in which three persons seemed to be sitting, he in the middle all dressed in white—the death-clothes of the murderer, the un pitying shedder of most innocent blood.

There was no bell to toll there—but at the very moment he was ascending the scaffold, a black cloud knelled thunder, and many hundreds of people all at once fell

down upon their knees. The man in white lifted up his eyes and said, "O Lord God of Heaven! and Thou his blessed Son, who died to save sinners! accept this sacrifice!"

Not one in all that immense crowd could have known that that white apparition was Ludovic Adamson. His hair, that had been almost jet-black, was now white as his face—as his figure, dressed, as it seemed, for the grave. Are they going to execute the murderer in his shroud? Stone-blind, and stone-deaf, there he stood—yet had he, without help, walked up the steps of the scaffold. A hymn of several voices arose—the man of God close beside the criminal, with the Bible in his uplifted hands—but those bloodless lips had no motion—with him this world was not, though yet he was in life—in life and no more! And was this the man, who, a few months ago, flinging the fear of death from him, as a flash of sunshine flings aside the shades, had descended into that pit which an hour before had been bellying, as the foul vapors exploded like cannons, and brought up the bodies of them that had perished in the womb of the earth? Was this he who once leapt into the devouring fire, and re-appeared, after all had given over for lost the glorious boy, with an infant in his arms, while the flames seemed to eddy back, that they might scathe not the head of the deliverer, while a shower of blessings fell upon him as he laid it in its mother's bosom, and made the heart of the widow to sing for joy? It is he. And now the executioner pulls down the cord from the beam, and fastens it round the criminal's neck. His face is already covered, and that fatal handkerchief is in his hand. The whole crowd are now kneeling, and one multitudinous sob convulses the air;—when wild outcries, and shrieks, and yells, are at that moment heard from the distant gloom of the glen that opened up to Moor-

side, and three figures, one far in advance of the other two, come flying as on the wings of the wind, towards the gibbet. Hundreds started to their feet, and "'Tis the maniac—'tis the lunatic!" was the cry. Precipitating himself down a rocky hillside, that seemed hardly accessible but to the goats, the maniac, the lunatic, at a few desperate leaps and bounds, just as it was expected he would have been dashed in pieces, alighted unstunned upon the level greensward; and now, far ahead of his keepers, with incredible swiftness neared the scaffold—and, the dense crowd making a lane for him in their fear and astonishment, he flew up the ladder to the horrid platform, and, grasping his son in his arms, howled dreadfully over him; and then with a loud voice cried, "Saved—saved—saved!"

So sudden had been that wild rush, that all the officers of justice—the very executioner—stood aghast; and lo! the prisoner's neck is free from that accursed cord—his face is once more visible without that hideous shroud—and he sinks down senseless on the scaffold. "Seize him—seize him!" and he was seized—but no maniac—no lunatic was the father now—for during the night, and during the dawn, and during the morn, and on to midday—on to the HOUR OF ONE—when all rueful preparations were to be completed—had Providence been clearing and calming the tumult in that troubled brain, and as the cottage clock struck ONE, memory brightened at the chime into a perfect knowledge of the past, and prophetic imagination saw the future lowering upon the dismal present. All night long, with the cunning of a madman—for all night long he had still been mad—the miserable old man had been disengaging his hands from the manacles, and that done, springing like a wild beast from its cage, he flew out of the open door, nor could a horse's speed on that fearful road

have overtaken him, before he reached the scaffold.

No need was there to hold the miserable man. He who had been so furious in his manacles at Moor-side, seemed now to the people at a distance, calm as when he used to sit in the elder's seat beneath the pulpit in that small kirk. But they who were on or near the scaffold, saw something horrid in the fixedness of his countenance. "Let go your hold of me, ye fools," he muttered to some of the mean wretches of the law, who still had him in their clutch—and tossing his hands on high, cried with a loud voice,—“Give ear, ye Heavens! and hear, O Earth! I am the Violator—I am the Murderer!”

The moor groaned as in earthquake—and then all that congregation bowed their heads with a rustling noise, like a wood smitten by the wind. Had they heard aright the unimaginable confession? His head had long been grey—he had reached the term allotted to man's mortal life here below—threescore and ten. Morning and evening, never had the Bible been out of his hands at the hour set apart for family worship. And who so eloquent as he in expounding its most dreadful mysteries! The unregenerate heart of man, he had ever said—in scriptural phrase—was “desperately wicked.” Desperately wicked indeed! And now again he tossed his arms wrathfully—so the wild motion looked—in the wrathful skies. “I ravished—I murdered her—ye know it, ye evil spirits in the depths of hell!” Consternation now fell on the minds of all—and the truth was clear as light—and all eyes knew at once that now indeed they looked on the murderer. The dreadful delusion under which all their understandings had been brought by the power of circumstances, was by that voice destroyed—the obduracy of him who had been about to die, was now seen to have been the most heroic virtue—the self-sacrifice of a son to

save a father from ignominy and death!

“O monster, beyond the reach of redemption! and the very day after the murder, while the corpse was lying in blood on the Moor, he was with us in the House of God! Tear him in pieces—rend him limb from limb—tear him into a thousand pieces!”—“The Evil One had power given him to prevail against me, and I fell under the temptation. It was so written in the Book of Predestination, and the deed lies at the door of God!”—“Tear the blasphemer into pieces! Let the scaffold drink his blood!”—“So let it be, if it be so written, good people! Satan never left me since the murder till this day—he sat by my side in the kirk—when I was ploughing in the field—there—ever as I came back from the other end of the furrows—he stood on the head-rig—in the shape of a black shadow. But now I see him not—he has returned to his den in the pit. I cannot imagine what I have been doing, or what has been done to me, all the time between the day of trial and this of execution. Was I mad? No matter. But you shall not hang Ludovic—he, poor boy, is innocent;—here, look at him—here—I tell you again—is the Violator and the Murderer!”

But shall the men in authority dare to stay the execution at a maniac's words? If they dare not—that multitude will, now all rising together like the waves of the sea. “Cut the cords asunder that bind our Ludovic's arms”—a thousand voices cried—and the murderer, unclasping a knife, that, all unknown to his keepers, he had worn in his breast when a maniac, sheared them asunder as the sickle shears the corn. But his son stirred not—and on being lifted up by his father, gave not so much as a groan. His heart had burst—and he was dead! No one touched the grey-headed murderer, who knelt down—not to pray—but to look into his son's eyes—and to examine his lips—and

to feel his left breast—and to search out all the symptoms of a fainting fit, or to assure himself,—and many a corpse had the plunderer handled on the field after hush of the noise of battle,—that this was death. He rose ; and standing forward on the edge of the scaffold, said, with a voice that shook not, deep, strong, hollow, and hoarse—"Good people ! I am likewise now the murderer of my daughter and of my son ! and of

myself !" Next moment, the knife was in his heart—and he fell down a corpse on the corpse of his Ludovic. All round the sultry horizon the black clouds had for hours been gathering—and now came the thunder and the lightning—and the storm. Again the whole multitude prostrated themselves on the moor—and the Pastor, bending over the bodies, said,

"THIS IS EXPIATION !"

THE MONKS OF OLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF RICHELIEU, DE L'ORME, &c.

I ENVY them—those monks of old,—
Their book they read, and their beads they
told ;
To human softness dead and cold,
And all life's vanity.

They dwelt like shadows on the earth,
Free from the penalties of birth,
Nor let one feeling venture forth
But charity.

I envy them : their cloister'd hearts
Knew not the bitter pang that parts
Beings that all Affection's arts
Had link'd in unity.

The tomb to them was not a place
To drown the best-loved of their race,
And blot out each sweet memory's trace
In dull obscurity :

To them it was the calmest bed
That rests the aching human head :
They looked with envy on the dead,
And not with agony.

No bonds they felt, no ties they broke,
No music of the heart they woke,
When one brief moment it had spoke,
To lose it suddenly.

Peaceful they lived—peaceful they died ;
And those that did their fate abide
Saw Brothers wither by their side
In all tranquillity.

They loved not, dream'd not,—for their
sphere
Held not joy's visions ; but the tear
Of broken hope, of anxious fear,
Was not their misery.

I envy them—those monks of old ;
And when their statues I behold,
Carved in the marble, calm and cold,
How true an effigy !

I wish my heart as calm and still
To beams that fleet, and blasts that chill,
And pangs that pay joy's spendthrift thrill
With bitter usury.

THE DEVIL'S PROGRESS.

A PUNGENT satire on the public characters of our times—occasionally in good taste, but much more frequently sacrificing feeling to fun, has just appeared, with the above title. It is affected to be palmed on the Editor of the Court Journal, which is altogether a bungling failure ; since not a scintillation of resemblance can be traced in the two works ; and it can be neither credit nor advantage for the author of the Devil's Progress to revolve around that orb of illustrious dullness. His

genius merits brighter company ; and he should recollect that irony is at best like playing with edge-tools.

The opening is warm and glowing, as the reviewer would say :—

The Devil sits in his easy chair,
Sipping his sulphur tea,
And gazing out, with a pensive air,
O'er the broad bitumen sea ;
Lull'd into sentimental mood,
By the spirits' far-off wail,
That sweetly, o'er the burning flood,
Floats on the brimstone gale !
The Devil, who can be sad, at times,
In spite of all his mummery,

And grave,—though not so prosy quite
As drawn by his friend Montgomery,—
The Devil, to-day, has a dreaming air,
And his eye is raised, and his throat is bare!

His musings are of many things,
That—good or ill—befell,
Since Adam's sons macadamized
The highways into hell :—
And the Devil—whose mirth is never loud—
Laughs with a quiet mirth,
As he thinks how well his serpent tricks
Have been mimick'd upon earth ;
Of Eden and of England, soil'd
And darken'd by the foot
Of those who preach with adder-tongues,
And those who eat the fruit.

Towards the close is the following :—

He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listen'd to a lute,
One summer eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute !
The moon was watching, on the hill,
The stream was staid, and the maples still,
To hear a lover's suit,
That—half a vow, and half a prayer—
Spoke less of hope than of despair ;
And rose into the calm, soft air,
As sweet and low
As he had heard—oh, woe ! oh, woe !—
The flutes of angels, long ago !

" By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith, that mounts on angel-wings,
By dreams that make night shadows bright,
And truths that turn our day to night,
By childhood's smile, and manhood's tear,
By pleasure's day, and sorrow's year,
By all the strains that fancy sings,
And pangs that time so surely brings,
For joy or grief—for hope or fear,
For all hereafter—as for here,
In peace or strife—in storm or shine,
My soul is wedded unto thine ! "

And for its soft and sole reply,
A murmur and a sweet, low sigh,
But not a spoken word ;
And, yet, they made the waters start
Into his eyes who heard,
For, they told of a most loving heart,
In a voice like that of a bird !—
Of a heart that loved—though it loved in vain !
A grieving—and, yet, not a pain !—
A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom,
Like trees that never grow to fruit,
And, early, shed their bloom !—
Of vanish'd hopes and happy smiles,
All lost forevermore :
Like ships, that sail'd for sunny isles,
But never came to shore !—
A flower that, in its withering,
Preserved its fragrance, long ;—
A spirit that had lost its wing,
But, still, retain'd its song !—
A joy that could not, *all*, be lost,
A comfort in despair !—
And the Devil fled like a lated ghost,
That snuffs the purer air ;
For he felt how lovers' own sweet breath
Surrounds them, like a spell,
And he knew that love, " as strong as death,"
Is far too strong for Hell ;
And, from the country of its birth,
Brings thoughts—in sorrow or in mirth—
That sanctify the earth,—
Like angels, earthward tempest driven,
And waiting to return to heaven !

This passage and the Hebrew's prayer, still further on, are the best portions of the poem ; and in such writing evidently lies the writer's forte. There are five etchy illustrations ; but the poem would have been " most adorned " by their omission.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

MR. JOHNSON was a brewer in a small country town, and as the natives were not very well-bred people, he carried on a flourishing trade, and was generally said to be making money. He had neither wife nor family, or, as the newspapers, by a happy and polite synonyme, express the same condition, he was " without incumbrance ; " and to supply the want of both heirs and partners, he had introduced into his business a distant relative, by name Jonathan Maurice. The young man, or rather boy, who had no better prospects, was highly delighted with an offer so promising,

and continued for some years an active and cheerful superintendent of the manufacture of ale. An intimacy with the neighboring family of a wealthy farmer formed one of his chief pleasures, and no higher ambition disturbed an incipient attachment for his youngest daughter, Juliet.

But in an evil hour, as he was on the point of being constituted a partner in the business, he received a pressing invitation from an old school-fellow ; and having obtained a month's furlough, set out to pay the required visit. His friend was one of a family who had risen in the

world, and exhibited all its vice and pride, with none of its dignity. The father had, by a happy concurrence of circumstances, made a fortune, and his next step was to make himself a family. While he remained in comparative poverty, he cared little whether he had any ancestors or not, but when wealth poured in upon him, he grew very jealous of the idea of regular procreation, and seemed really apprehensive lest some terrible mistake should be made respecting his origin. As his riches increased, so did his ancestors; when he had one thousand a year, his genealogy extended only to one hundred years, and embraced no names of any eminence; but at two thousand, a noble progenitor was beheaded for high treason; at four thousand, he was connected with royalty; and when he retired from business, there was no question that the founder of his race was a Norman Vagabond, attendant on the Conqueror. In establishing his dignity, he was, however, a little puzzled by the brevity and unimportance of his name, which was, simply, John James; but having observed that it was usual in such cases to double the appellation, he thought it would be still more remarkable to repeat it thrice, and, accordingly, denominated himself "John James James-James, Esq., of Nutbridge-park."

The novelty of his pretensions was not displayed by ordinary vulgarity, but, what was far more insufferable, by excessive politeness and inveterate good breeding. His taste was not indeed aristocratically plain, nor could he refrain from making the footman and footboy, one very tall, and the other as remarkably short, both stand together behind his carriage; but he knew enough of the world to be aware that extravagant show is the last means by which a man of moderate sense would seek to display newly acquired wealth. He insisted that his daughters should dress

plainly, though exquisitely; refused his sons permission to drive tandem in a dog-cart; and supplied his groom, whom, by the way, he caused to ride so close behind him as to leave no assignable interval, with a horse much handsomer than his own.

But in spite, or rather in consequence, of much study to be polite and easy, an air of pride and vulgar restraint pervaded the whole family. They were proud of everything—of their wealth, their taste, their condescension, but chiefly of their manners. They always came into company with the air of wild beasts imperfectly tamed, and their father bore so exactly the aspect of a showman, that, when he began to say this is my son John, or my daughter Jane, the guest would not have been surprised, had he proceeded to detail the circumstances of their capture, and the mode of their subsequent discipline. His children themselves lived, like Tanталus, in perpetual dread, fearing lest some breach of good manners should fall on their devoted heads. Of that perfection of art which consists in the concealment of art they had no conception. They were constantly talking of politeness.

Their intention in inviting Maurice, was to overwhelm him with alternate pleasure and mortification, and send him home deeply impressed with his own meanness and their superiority. On the first day he afforded them much entertainment, by his hungry amazement at the delay of dinner. At two o'clock he thought it probable they dined at three, and so on, for several hours; but at six, he felt certain they would not dine at all, and even if they should, he doubted whether he should be alive to partake of the repast. At seven, however, he welcomed the sound of a bell, and learnt it was the signal for dressing, upon which he hurried up stairs, and returning with much precipitation, after the lapse of five minutes,

was surprised to find several of the party not yet set out on the errand he had so speedily accomplished.

At dinner he ate enormously of the first course, supposing it to be the only one, and called three times for beer. The forks puzzled him extremely, and he seemed wholly unable to determine which side should be kept uppermost, but he failed to apply them to their most important use, and employed his knife where its principal attribute of cutting was more than needless. His companions were shocked; nor was the subject so disgustingly stale to them, as to check the wit of Alexander, the eldest son, and deter him from inquiring, with great simplicity, whether he had seen the Indian Jugglers, and insidiously leading him to explain their method of thrusting knives down their throats.

In the evening, the young ladies entertained him with Italian music, and would not believe he understood nothing of it. One asked his opinion of Rossini, and another was certain he liked Beethoven; but the greatest mirth was excited by his replying to a question respecting a song he held in his hand, that he could not tell its name, but it was from "*Nozzy die Figaro*, by Mozart." Then he was entreated to sing himself, and with so much urgency, that he was obliged to yield; fortunately, he selected a comic subject, and though his auditors were too polite to laugh, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with the amusement they exhibited.

He remarked that the song was in a play, and inquired if they had ever seen it performed. They replied in the negative; and fancying himself in one respect at least their superior, he began to relate how exquisitely he had seen it acted by a strolling company in his native town. They heard him gravely till he concluded, and then gave him to understand that they never frequented the theatres in London, and that, in fact, nobody ever did;

an assertion which much amazed him at first, since he had been informed they were often almost full; but they soon explained themselves more clearly, and abashed him by the conviction that he had introduced a subject of notorious vulgarity.

A disquisition on the metropolis naturally ensued, and here, having never seen it, he felt himself in very deep shade, and, while they desecrated on its charms, he was not a little galled by their commiseration of his ignorance. London seemed the very utopia of their imaginations—the concentration of all that was beautiful to the eye, and delightful to the intellect. It was the seat and source of all merit; other regions shone only by its reflected lustre; they esteemed Nature an architect inferior to Mr. Nash; and could the moon and stars have been "warranted town-made," they would have liked them better.

Every succeeding day added to the humiliation Maurice already began to experience; and all the divisions of the day had their appropriate annoyances. If he walked out, he detested his boots or his gloves; if he rode, he inwardly cursed his breeches; and at dinner, he was so bothered by French names for the commonest dishes, that he was reduced to the phrases, "I'll trouble you," or, "a little of that dish, if you please;" and if he was asked to take any particular wine, he gave a hurried assent, though, for aught he knew of its appellation, it might have been a solution of arsenic.

"And who," he inquired, "were the persons that caused him this vexatious abasement?" Merely a London merchant, at one time not much richer than himself, content with a plain cypher on his seal, instead of the splendid coat of arms of horned dogs and winged pigs, which now figured on every signet and every possible article of furniture in the house, from the hall-chairs

to the buckets used in the stable-yard. One of his sons had been his school-fellow : so far from being in any way his superior, he had ranked far beneath him in attainments, and was flogged once a week for never washing his face. The reflection on the change produced in their relative situations was of such constant and irritating recurrence, that the pleasure of his visit was wholly annihilated, and as soon as he conveniently could, he made some pretext for returning home.

He resumed the duties of his business, but the smell of malt disgusted him. The workmen, whom he had once respected as industrious or clever servants, seemed to him perfect caricatures of humanity ; and the huge tubs, which had excited his pride by their immensity, looked so insupportably hideous, that he almost wished they might burst. A country brewer !—that phrase comprised all that was odious. Had he been a London brewer, the case would have been completely changed, for then he might have had no more to do with brewing than with astrology, and, at the expense of having his name gibbeted in capitals all over the city, followed by the mysterious word *Entire*, he might have enjoyed an ample income, and sat, with booksellers and linendrapers, an ornament to the senate of his country.

He concluded, therefore, that the principal difference in human conditions depended on living in, or out of, the metropolis ; and he began to consider, whether it was not competent to him to attain all the advantages it could offer, and become, like Mr. James-James, the founder of a polite, wealthy, and ancient family. As the idea began to unfold itself, its attractions increased, and he ventured, at length, to communicate his views to Mr. Johnson, who called him a fool, and strove to convince him that he was one ; but, failing in the argument, and hoping that love might have more influence than reason, he sent

him on a visit to Miss Juliet Manning.

All families have their distinctive foibles, and the reigning one of the Mannings was a pathetic love of brute pets. The sitting-room, into which Maurice was ushered, contained two old dogs and a puppy, a parrot, a cat without a tail, and a lamb ; Juliet was nursing a kitten, and three of her brothers were in tears—William, because his last pigeon was just dead ; and John and Thomas, because the tame hawk of the one had slain the tame mouse of the other. In short, it was impossible to walk across the room, much less to approach the fire, without breaking the tail or the leg of some antiquated favorite, and such an accident was certain to call forth so much tenderness of feeling, that the author of it wished he had only murdered all the family. The present spectacle was deeply interesting. Juliet looked pleased, and welcomed her lover : but she could not rise without disturbing the kitten ; her brothers sat bemoaning themselves with undiminished grief, and the dogs lay luxuriously on the hearth-rug. But shortly after the scene was wholly changed ; the mourners leaped up and dried their tears ; the kitten was laid aside in a little bed, and the dogs raised their unwieldy bodies upon their insufficient legs. Maurice did not at first comprehend the reason, but was speedily informed that Mr. Manning had just sounded a horn, to intimate that he was awaiting them at the pond to entertain their tender sensibilities with the diversion of a duck-hunt. He accompanied them, and witnessed the sport, which was highly satisfactory ; the duck, indeed, died from exhaustion, but, as it was not a pet, its sufferings excited no commiseration, and its death no sorrow.

In a happier frame of mind, Maurice would have excused the inconsistency and thoughtless cruelty which he witnessed, but he had begun to despise the actors in the

scene, and therefore felt little tenderness for their failings. Juliet, in particular, he condemned with unmeasured severity, and contrasted the unbridled gaiety of her demeanor with the calm dignity of the ladies at Nutbridge-park, till he concluded that she was vulgar as well as silly, and combined ill-breeding with a want of sensibility. As he had once erred in exalting her foibles to the rank of virtues, so he now did by exaggerating them to the dignity of crimes.

Hundreds imagine themselves persons of refined taste or excellent morality, when they are, in fact, only ill-tempered: they feel contempt because they are bilious; and when they are overwhelmed with spleen, they dignify their ailments with the idea of conscious superiority, pity their friends, and write satires. Such, at least, was the foundation of the discontent of Maurice. He struggled to conceal the change in his sentiments, but was not so far successful as to avoid wounding the feelings of Juliet; for his attentions were less spontaneous than usual, and his thoughts so abstracted, that when, by way of experiment, she dropped her glove, she was compelled, half-weeping with mortification, to pick it up again with her own hand.

He concluded his visit, little pleased with his friends, and far less with himself; and as he rode home, he wrought himself up to the resolution, that he would without delay seek his fortune in that *El Dorado*, which had raised so far above him persons whom he had once deemed little more than his equals.

Mr. Johnson was a man who had no idea of arguing, and whether right or wrong, he always got into a passion; whence it arose, that the urgency of Maurice in pressing the execution of his plan—a plan, of which he saw the folly more clearly than he could explain it—led to an inveterate quarrel. The relatives separated in disgust; and the younger one, with a hundred

pounds in his pocket, and an imagination overcharged with ideas of wealth and pleasure, set out on a cold evening in March for the metropolis.

He found only one vacant space left for him on the exterior of the vehicle, and that considerably encroached upon by the persons and goods of others. Two men of extraordinary dimensions, wearing, each, twenty great coats, with as many score of capes, shared the seat, and opposite to him was the guard; the space destined for his feet was occupied by a hamper of fish, and two umbrellas had right of possession behind him: but these evils were tolerable, when compared with the annoyance of a box so projecting from among the luggage, that it gave to his head one compulsory position, far from pleasing or perpendicular. The long dreariness of a wintry night lay in prospect before him; he could not sleep; and once when he attempted it, the sonorous bugle of the guard, covering his head, awoke him with a start; but it must not be disguised, that he had the satisfaction, not only of seeing and hearing that several of his companions were asleep, but of feeling the fact, by occasional buttings and oscillations, indicative of happy repose. At length morning broke on the white frosty fields in the neighborhood of the metropolis; and shortly after he was deposited in Gracechurch-street, with London all before him where to choose.

The appearance of all he had hitherto seen of his terrestrial paradise rather surprised him. The buildings in Whitechapel did not strike him as more splendid than those of his native town, and the atmosphere, compounded of smoke, gas, and steam, seemed scarcely fluid. It had not rained for some time previously, yet everything was as wet as if the flood had just subsided: but this, though he knew it not, was an advantage to the prospect, for, otherwise, clouds of dust would have blinded him and prevented his seeing at all.

Instead of remaining in the City, he proceeded, as he had been recommended, to the neighborhood of Covent Garden, which for its undisturbed quiet, and the sweet perfume of stale vegetables, is a very favorite region for hotels. Here he was ushered into a room, which exactly contained a bed, and after surrendering his boots to a man, who gave him in exchange a pair of slippers, which would have fitted a horse as well as a gentleman, he endeavored to procure a little rest. But, to say nothing of an "Introduction to Entomology," of which it would be improper to speak more particularly, the bed might have proved an excellent antidote to a pound of opium; and two persons, one whistling, and the other singing, were getting up in adjoining apartments.

Accordingly, he soon rose again, and attempted to wash himself with water, of which the surface was covered with heaven-descended particles, answering the purpose of rouge, except that they were black, while the soap seemed intended, by its size, to exemplify the infinite divisibility of matter, and, by its unchanged endurance of moisture, proved itself a far better material for public buildings than the external plaster of the new treasury, so lately built to contain the national debt. Nor was it very easy to obtain any alleviation of his numerous afflictions, for, though a rope attached to a wire hung from the ceiling, he labored at it for a long period without success, and had no other reason to suppose he was ringing a bell, than that nobody came to answer it.

When he had prevailed over all the difficulties of the toilette, and taken the meal naturally succeeding to it, his thoughts turned towards a subject of yet greater importance,—the accomplishment of the first step in creating his own fortune. And here he was surprised to discover how indefinite his ideas

had hitherto been, and how much they wanted of any approach to practical application. In this perplexity, he had recourse to the advice of a person slightly connected with him by descent, and was fortunate enough to procure a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. The salary, indeed, was exceedingly small, and the labor required bore to it the usual inverse ratio: but it was precisely the occupation he desired, as affording most room for the splendid results he anticipated.

The ostensible head of the mercantile concern to which Maurice was recommended, was Mr. Merivale; but he committed all its cares to one or two accomplices, and took no active part, except that of spending much the largest share of the profits. There once existed a decided line of demarcation between commercial grandeur and the dignity of nobility and hereditary wealth; and the distinction, though founded in pride, and often invidious, was not wholly mischievous in its tendency. But, at the birth of Mr. Merivale, this boundary-line was fast fading away; and the city wall, weakened by the frequent irruptions of needy nobles, and excursive exploits of ambitious traders, was tottering to its foundation.

In conformity with the prevailing idea, that a merchant not only might be, but ought to be, a gentleman, the father of Mr. Merivale sent him to the university, and educated him, in all respects, as a man of hereditary and independent fortune. The natural consequence was, that, at three-and-twenty, he felt no predilection for the city; was irregular in his attendance at his office, and careless in his transactions; and in process of time, after the death of his father, surrendered the whole management of his affairs to partners and clerks. Thenceforth he regarded his merchandise in no other light than as a disgraceful source of profit—the secret profession of a thief, of which

nothing must be known—or an Irish estate, an unseen spring of convenient wealth.

As he totally evaded the labors of his business, he ought in fairness to have been moderately indifferent to its returns : but, in point of fact, he was far more rapacious than the active partners ; and the mention of storms, embargoes, blockades, or anything that tended to the diminution of his income, exasperated him to madness. Money, however, was with him an evanescent good : he was habitually extravagant, and lest any motive to profusion should be wanting, he selected for his wife the worst of all possible economists—a poor lady of rank. Her expenses and his own frequently reduced the gentleman-merchant to some difficulties ; but, on such occasions, he studied not how to reduce his expenditure, but how to increase his income. With this view, he effected at one time a reduction in the salaries of the clerks, and at another, by abolishing their vacations of a week annually, diminished their numbers—measures by which he saved sixty pounds towards the rent of an opera-box.

On an appointed day, Maurice set out for the counting-house of the Russian merchants. It was situated in a lane leading out of Lombard-street, so narrow that broad daylight could never be said to enter it, and, in winter, sunrise and sunset could most easily be ascertained by the almanac. Ascending the ancient stairs, he entered a large, low room, lighted with gas, which served to exhibit the filthiness of its condition, and the sallow countenances of ten laborers at their desks. In compliance with the directions there given him, he proceeded to an adjoining closet, where, perched on a stool, sat a very short Tyrian prince, by name Sichæus, or, as he was more commonly and corruptly called, Mr. Sikes.

The room was ridiculously small, but into it were crowded, with much

ingenuity, a fire-place, a desk, a stool, and Mr. Sikes. Its contracted dimensions seemed, however, to give its tenant no uneasiness ; and, indeed, he could do in it what no man could do in a palace ; for, as he sat on his stool, he could open the window, shut the door, stir the fire, or kill a spider on the ceiling. He heard the address of Maurice with attention, but soon exhibited his reigning characteristic, which was to be always busy. He had, indeed, a great weight of occupation ; but he affected to have yet more, and never was so hurried or precipitate in dismissing a visiter, as when beginning to kick his legs against his stool for want of any other earthly employment. In fact, being busy was with him as mere a trick as taking snuff, or going to church : he was busy eating, busy sleeping, and busy doing nothing ; and though he has since found time to die, he was so much hurried that he died suddenly.

He received Maurice with blunt civility, and, after making a few inquiries, set him immediately to work at copying out a long letter of business relating chiefly to tallow, to Palcoviwitch, Lorobowsky and Palarslay, merchants at St. Petersburg. He was accordingly introduced into the company of his fellow-clerks, and while undergoing much observation and remark, he, in his turn, made several conclusions respecting them. Most of them seemed to have little care of their manners or appearance ; but there was one of more refinement, who, while the rest spat openly, like cats in a passion, put his hand beside his mouth to conceal the operation ; and, while two of his companions were quarreling about the shutting of a window, earnestly and politely entreated them not to make d—d fools of themselves. But they had little time to waste, and, excepting some angry interludes and complaints of an unequal division of labor, their whole attention was absorbed by immense books

and numberless papers. Maurice found his own share of the labor sufficiently wearisome, and before he had half completed it, he was assailed by a violent headach, which gradually increased till the hour of his release arrived. At that wished-for period, he returned to his hotel, with eyes dizzied by the glare of diurnal gas, and spirits depressed by fatigue ; and beginning to suspect that, though London was certainly the mart of wealth and grandeur, it was not a scene of pure and unalloyed pleasure.

The day following he occupied in seeking some place of abode more suited to his very limited finances, and finally selected the first floor (as the second floor of a building is generally called) of a house in the suburbs, which adjoined a large open space, full of new bricks and deep pits, whence their materials had been extracted. On the evening of his establishment in these "pleasant and airy lodgings," he returned from his office to a late dinner, much annoyed by a reproof from his superior, and an insult from one of his fellow-clerks. After knocking three times, he was admitted by a little girl ; and having proceeded up stairs in the dark, he, in course of time, succeeded in obtaining a light. In another half-hour, his dinner appeared, consisting of two mutton-chops, embedded in liquescent grease, which seemed eager to claim kindred with the more perfect character of the tallow of the solitary yellow candle. Two enormous potatoes, pleasingly diversified with black spots, and as hard as cannon-balls, completed the course ; and the place of wines, in all their absurd variety, was philosophically supplied by a pint of black liquor, compounded of glue, treacle and wormwood, and denominated porter.

The second course was brought in with much ceremony by the child before-mentioned, whom, in default of a bell, he was obliged to summon by her name—Arrier-Beller.

The centre-dish, side-dishes, and top and bottom dishes were ingeniously contracted into one, bearing a small piece of cheese that a hungry rat would have scorned, beside a lump of butter, to the authorship of which sheep and pigs had a better claim than cows ; and with this the unsophisticated repast concluded.

All men of business, when left to themselves, fall fast asleep immediately after dinner ; and Maurice experienced exhaustion and fatigue enough to induce him to adopt the same course, had his inclinations been his only rule. But it happened that there were lodging over him two little children who screamed incessantly, the one taking turns with the other to sleep ; while, during one half of the day and night, their parents made twice as much noise in attempting to quiet them. Not, indeed, that the infants were always ill or out of temper ; but the only method their tender age had of expressing pain or pleasure, was by an exertion of the lungs, which made them black in the face ; and the amusements contrived for them—such as rattling the latch of a door, or galloping on a footstool—were all of a noisy character. Maurice wished he could explain to them that his head ached, and regretted that the mother, in singing her boy to sleep, thought it necessary, vibrating seconds, to stamp sixty times in a minute on the frail floor ; but he endeavored to recollect that the path to eminence is generally toilsome, and, as his evils were of his own choosing, pride furnished him with a resolution, which he chose to call patience.

More than a month passed away in unremitting labor, and Maurice yet saw no prospect of the advancement he anticipated, and had tasted none of the pleasures with which he had always understood London to overflow. His masters were imperious, and reproved him in unmeasured terms for the mistakes

into which he was led by entire ignorance of the system of business ; but the annoyances he experienced from them were unfrequent, compared with those he received from his fellow-laborers. In admitting an idea so novel as the possibility of a mere countryman being in any respect superior to denizens of the largest, most smoky, and most conceited capital in the world, he was, as it became him, modest ; and when they ridiculed his dress or his provincialisms, he strove to believe their taste excellent, and their language English.

When Mr. Merivale abolished the vacations of his unfortunate clerks, he deeply regretted that popular opinion compelled him to let them be idle all Sunday ; and had he not, on other grounds, been an infidel, he never could have believed that a deity who knew anything of the world would have been so regardless of the interests of commerce as to make fifty-two days in every year unavailable for the purposes of business. Multiplying fifty-two by ten, he found five hundred and twenty days were lost to him annually. Indeed the general character of the Sunday seemed to afford him some ground for considering it almost useless as a religious institution. Not that he objected to ministerial dinners and private parties on that day ; but he thought it intolerable that the lower classes, for whom religion was certainly invented, should neglect the opportunity afforded them. He considered it obtaining a holiday under false pretences.

Sunday, therefore, Maurice had at his own disposal ; and though habit sent him to church in the morning, he thought fit, in the afternoon, to amuse himself by walking towards the West. His dress, with which he had taken unusual pains, consisted of top-boots and drab br—ch—s, a red waistcoat striped with black, and a black neckcloth with red spots, the whole surmounted by a snuff-colored coat,

and a hat of prodigious extent : nor had he any reason to be dissatisfied with the attention he excited. After encountering a few trifling accidents, of which the most important were spraining his ankle by slipping off the pavement ; losing his handkerchief he knew not how ; having his hat blown off by an unexpected gust of wind ; and his foot crushed by a person stepping back upon it ; and ensuring a tolerable headach by coming in contact with a stout fellow who was walking rapidly, and, like himself, looking another way—he at length entered the Park, not a little irritated and fatigued. Presently he came to an oblong sheet of water, and was told it was the Serpentine ; but this was too much for his credulity, and he expressed so freely his opinion of his informant's veracity, that he narrowly escaped a hostile engagement.

Continuing to walk forward among stunted trees, he now saw at a distance a long line of vehicles, and concluded, as they seemed to be perfectly stationary, that it was a stand of hackney-coaches ; but as he drew nearer, he perceived them to be in very tardy motion, and settled in his own mind that it was the funeral of some distinguished person. At length he learned the true nature of the spectacle ; and never did his ideas of London receive a greater shock, than when he was given to understand that this melancholy procession, this tortoise-hunt, formed the most extatic enjoyment of the highest classes, to whom the kindness of fortune had opened all the avenues of pleasure !

In the midst of the crowd he discovered the family of Mr. James, and thinking he could do no less, he approached the carriage, and offered his compliments at the open window, but, to his great astonishment, they did not recognize him, and, with a stare of surprise, drew up the glass. As he returned to the footpath, he encountered a par-

ty of young men who were laughing immoderately, and some of their expressions which reached his ear explained to him that he had just undergone a very marked insult, and was consequently the object of general derision. His feelings were not very comfortable; he could almost have wept with vexation, and growing a little weary of pleasure, he put his hand to his watch hoping to find it time to return home, but his endeavor to find the seals was ineffectual; and he was compelled to admit the melancholy conviction, that he had sustained a second loss more serious than the preceding one.

In his way home he encountered the friend by whose kindness he had obtained the situation he held, informed him of his misfortune, and was advised how to act, that is, to do nothing at all. Proceeding to inquire after the family of his relative, he learnt, to his surprise, that he had not seen them very lately. To his questions respecting his shop, his gig, and his cottage at Highgate, his answers were very sparing; and at the end of a certain street he bade him farewell, nor could any persuasion induce him to extend his walk. Maurice observed a change in him, and wondered at the modesty with which so prosperous and wealthy a tradesman spoke of his possessions; but shortly after, his admiration was removed by learning that he was at that very period enjoying the rules of the Fleet Prison.

The ensuing week afforded him one of those commercial miracles, a holiday, of human institution. The great question among his companions was how to make the most of it; and it was finally decided that a party should be formed to row up the river, and visit one of the theatres in the evening. He consented to share in the excursion; and as all the party professed themselves expert rowers, and scoffed at the idea of steering, he anticipated very great pleasure.

When they were all seated in an eight-oared boat, it was discovered that every oar was in the wrong place, and the act of exchanging produced so much confusion, and so many disasters, that the whole crew were completely out of temper before the voyage was commenced. At length they made way, but they had no idea of keeping time, and perhaps the universe did not afford anything more ridiculous than the spectacle they exhibited, dipping their oars into the water in regular succession, like the paddles of a steam-packet, and looking all the while exceedingly earnest, and very angry. One accused another of not rowing, but he insisted upon it that he did, and appealed to his profuse perspiration, and hands already nearly flayed. The steersman, however, bore the blame of all that went wrong, and after undergoing vehement censure from all quarters, surrendered his office to another of the party, who was completely exhausted by ten minutes' labor.

But his successor was still more ignorant, and more unfortunate, and the numberless directions given him puzzled him infinitely, because those who gave them sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot, that their right was his left, and the converse. Once he steered them against a barge, then against a bridge, and, finally, having spoilt a wherry-match near the Red House, he was so much irritated by the reproaches showered on him, that he insisted on being put on shore. His request was granted with many sneers and much laughter; but he was not unrevenged, for as his companions were putting off again, a bargeman dashed his enormous pole into the river, and covered them with mud and water, while a rope carried away the hat of one of them; and he could obtain no other satisfaction for the injury than virulent abuse for being a cockney, and intimations that, one day or another,

he would meet with a rope productive of more serious consequences.

It had been fixed that the party should re-assemble at the lodgings of one of them in the evening. There, in the intervals of smoking, they were occupied in discussing many subjects of the last importance. It was astonishing to perceive how easily they determined questions in politics and religion, on which other wise men had doubted and disputed for ages. Occasionally they descended to minor topics : praised an actress to whose "benefit" they had received an order ; spoke of fashions in dress, which they imagined to exist at the other end of the town ; and established doctrines of etiquette they were fortunate enough to overlook in practice.

They now adjourned to the theatre, and reaching it half an hour before the commencement of half-price, spent the interval in a sepulchral gallery, listening to sounds of mysterious import. The companions of Maurice were not, however, unoccupied ; for with commendable forethought, they proceeded, like persons preparing for an expedition to the Pole, to lay in stores of provisions, sufficient, if properly economized, to last them a year or two. But ere many minutes had elapsed, their resolution failed them, and first one, and then another, released from his distended pocket an apple, an orange, or a biscuit ; and then ensued a scene of great variety, accompanied by sounds which seemed sufficient to maintain the principle of suction against all philosophy.

When the first rage of appetite had subsided, they began to pelt each other with orange-peel, and practise many other witty jokes, far above the capacity of country people. But the greatest mirth was excited by one of them knocking off the hat of his neighbor, from which there fell a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, two oranges, a cigar and a half, a bill of the play, and some

biscuits : a feat which the sufferer took very easily ; and while he replaced the rest of his possessions, politely offered Maurice one of the biscuits which had been broken by the fall. At length the third act concluded, and the doors being opened, the expectant multitude rushed with useless eagerness towards the crowded pit.

In the midst, however, of the crush and vapor, Maurice perceived a vacant standing-place, and hastily occupying it, looked with an air of triumph at his companions ; but, while he was at the height of his self-gratulation, a good-natured person advised him to take off his hat, which, on examination, he found covered with the droppings of a candle placed above. Then one of the gods thought proper to send down a glass bottle on the heads of those below ; fortunately it alighted on that man whose comprehensive hat was before mentioned.

Maurice, overpowered perhaps by the odor of gas and the exhalations of human bodies densely crowded together, thought it just such a play as he had seen performed in the country, and though the theatre was huge, and the performers more elegant, the superiority was not so striking as he expected. Nor could he disguise it from himself that there were many points in the representation more vulgar and wicked than he should have supposed so brilliant an assemblage would tolerate, especially as he had been informed of the notable fact, that, a little time before, a celebrated performer had been hissed off the stage, because he had been found guilty of a breach of the seventh commandment—a circumstance which had struck him forcibly, and naturally led him to conclude, that, as known adulterers were not only endured but courted in every other department of public life, the stage must be superior to them in morality and decorum ; nor did it then occur to him to consider it as a mark of detestable hypocrisy

in the age, and of petty tyranny in a vicious public over those on whom three-and-sixpence gave them the power of censure.

He had not, however, a complete opportunity of judging on the merits of London theatricals, for while he was almost stunned with the applause lately bestowed on a *double entendre*, and now given to a sentiment of preposterous national vanity, his arm was seized by a spectator, who, having lost his handkerchief, charged him with the theft, and committed him to the custody of an officer, thus putting a suitable conclusion to the pleasures of the day.

The next morning, Maurice was brought forward in a public character as a prisoner at a police-office, whither he was conveyed in company with the lowest and most abandoned of his species. But it happened that the prosecutor, having discovered that one of his own friends had taken his handkerchief in jest, did not think proper to appear, and he was accordingly dismissed, with an insolent congratulation from the magistrate on his narrow escape from transportation. But though the spectators considered him the more guilty from his happily escaping all proof of his guilt, our noble and excellent law, generously acknowledging his innocence, fined him for it the sum of one shilling, and with reluctance dismissed him from her close embrace.

When, late in the day, he returned home in considerable discomfort, but with some satisfaction at the prospect of relief, he was surprised to find the house completely closed, and impregnable to his attacks. However, the sound he created drew together some of the neighbors, who talked a great deal, and disputed for an hour whether it was a hanging matter to break open a house. In the end, Maurice himself forced an entrance, and was astonished to find no traces of inhabitants or of furniture, nor even a

single relic of his own possessions. It appeared that the tenants had packed up and departed quietly in the night; but the neighbors were too much used to such occurrences to exhibit the smallest surprise or disapprobation; and, with the exception of one man, who loudly execrated their conduct, and carried off two bell ropes, lest they should be stolen by any one else, they all departed in peaceable horror at the idea of interference.

The loss of his wardrobe was of little consequence to Maurice compared with that of his hundred pounds, which he had left, as he thought, perfectly secure in a very curiously constructed drawer of his writing-desk, not at all considering that the desk, drawer and all, might be carried off at one fell swoop. Overwhelmed with distress and perplexity, and knowing of no friend to whom he might apply for counsel, he resolved to have recourse to the advice of his fellow-clerks, but on arriving at the office, he found everything in extreme confusion, and in answer to his oft-repeated inquiries was informed that one of the partners had left the country without notice, that it was up with the concern, and that all connected with it must begin life afresh, each as he could.

This was too much, and Maurice almost sank under a blow, which seemed equivalent to absolute beggary. He advertised in the newspapers, and generally found his half-guinea statement crowded into a supplementary sheet, amidst columns of applications from young men, who seemed to have every possible merit, and yet in many instances were contented with mere nominal salaries, or anxious only for employment. Finding these methods wholly ineffectual, he had recourse to personal applications, but generally met with so much cruelty and ridicule, that he considered himself happy in a civil repulse. At length, however, he was so fortunate as to procure the office

of shopman at a haberdasher's, and continued in it for three months, very wretched, and very hard-worked, till being unjustly suspected of secreting a parcel, he was dismissed without payment of his salary, and threatened with the infliction of that admirable English justice, which is always more ready to hang an innocent man, than a known murderer whose name has been misspelt in the indictment.

In this state of things he found, as if by a strange fatality, several situations vacant; but the inquiry as to his character was always fatal. To return to Mr. Johnson seemed impossible: every succeeding day added to his despair. At length his feelings became intolerable; and he had actually repaired to London Bridge with the fixed determination of committing suicide, when he was kindly accosted by a passer-by, who had observed his agitation and suspected his purpose.

The first words of interest which he had heard for many weeks, deeply affected him; and inquiry easily drew from him the detail of his circumstances. The benevolent stranger listened with attention, and instead of passing on with expressions of pity, seemed bent on befriending him more effectually; gave him a small sum of money for his immediate necessities; and promising, if he found his statement true, to meet him on the ensuing evening, departed.

At the hour and place agreed upon, both kept the appointment.

"I have to congratulate you," said Warren (for that was the stranger's name); "I have called on your late master, and have ascertained the removal of all suspicion against you: the offender was his own son."

"God bless you!" exclaimed Maurice, eagerly; "then I may yet hope?"

"Certainly, if you mean to obtain another situation in London; but I should rather advise you to return to your relative."

"It is impossible: he will refuse to receive me."

"If he does, you are no worse than at present: but he may relent; it is worth the trial."

"But might I not succeed here? Surely, Sir, there have been instances——"

"Of splendid success? Yes; but, compared with the cases of deplorable failure, they have been as one to infinity. To rise unassisted from a subordinate situation, is a miracle; to remain in it, a better sort of slavery. Take my own case, which is a favorable one: I have been thirty years in a merchant's office; I labor nearly twelve hours in the day, and receive two hundred a year. As to a week's vacation, I might as well resign as ask for it; and probably the mere mention would lead my employers to exercise that power which they know to be despotic over a man with six children, destitute of all other resource."

Maurice expressed his acquiescence.

"Fortunes," continued Warren, "have unquestionably been made suddenly, but generally at an immense risk, and often by disgraceful means."

"It was not the desire of wealth only that made me leave the country; I had heard the pleasures of London extolled."

"The pleasures of London! What pleasures has it which cannot be better enjoyed elsewhere? I leave out of the question those persons who spend a few months of the year in the metropolis, for to them change and the power of choice may give enjoyment; but to those who inhabit it regularly, it is the most miserable place in the creation. Probably, you had heard a great deal of the theatres; but, as far as my own observation extends, there are very few Londoners who visit them twice a year; and, for my own part, I have not done so for a quarter of a century. The only pure pleasures of life are,

domestic intercourse, literature, and religion ; and what scene can be more unfavorable to either of them, than a noisy mass of crowded buildings ? ”

“ But those buildings are beautiful.”

“ The beauty of a scene of labor is absolutely nothing to a man’s happiness : a gardener is not a whit happier than a collier ; what a man sees every day he thinks nothing of ; and millions pass the Monument daily, without more notice than they would bestow on a watch-house.”

“ I believe you are right ; for the inhabitants of London seem to leave it as often as they can. Yet, certainly, all classes of men are richer here than in the country ? ”

“ A very common mistake : London is the poorest place in England, and half the splendor you see is rotten—the pride which goes before destruction. All live up to their income, and thousands beyond it, almost from necessity.”

“ I will return, certainly, and throw myself on the mercy of Mr. Johnson.”

“ Do so : own that you have been wrong ; and when, in future, you see any one dreaming of wealth and grandeur, and quitting certainty for hope, tell him your own experience : if he has nothing, let him come to London ; but if he is provided for at home, advise him to stay there ; and assure him that, if here he may find a larger carcass, he will also find a far greater number of eagles.”

“ I will write to Mr. Johnson immediately,” said Maurice.

“ By no means,” replied Warren. “ If you have any favor to seek, always make a personal application ; it is much more difficult to refuse than a written one, and it must be answered one way or another.”

Maurice took, with much gratitude, the advice so kindly offered him, and the same evening set out for his native town. His pride, which had yielded to arguments

enforced by immediate distress, returned as the prospect of humiliation approached more nearly ; and when he was set down at the Castle inn, he had almost resolved to return again to the metropolis. But it happened that, in taking up a local newspaper, an advertisement met his eye, which turned his thoughts into another channel. It was one of those extravagant scholastic annunciations which excite at once pity and contempt : the boys were to be taught with miraculous exactness and celerity, and no vacations were given but at the option of the parents. The name of the principal was Merivale ; and all doubt as to the identity of the person was removed by his seeing him, shortly afterwards, pass the window, shabbily dressed, and driving before him two or three boys not his superiors in appearance.

It is needless to explain how his feelings were affected by the spectacle of a man, bred up in ease and affluence, reduced to the adoption of a profession than which there was none more laborious, and few for which he could have been more unqualified. He proceeded with humility and alacrity to the house of his relative, freely avowed his circumstances, and met with less severity than he anticipated. The anger of Mr. Johnson could not be very inveterate against a man who came to tell him he was right, and to admit himself a fool in having ever differed from him.

It remained for him to make his peace in another quarter ; and when he again saw Juliet, he was enabled, by a more extended knowledge of the world, to do justice to her merits. If she wanted the refinements, she wanted also the vices of the town. She was not elegant nor fashionable ; but neither was she affected and vain, or addicted to filthy and tawdry finery ; and her appearance had all those graces which peculiarly belong to health and nature. In short, running, as he was wont, into extremes, he be-

gan to admire those very defects he had once despised ; and having conceived a strong disgust for the Golden City, he consigned it to ut-

ter detestation, hated all that reminded him of it, and was really happy in having escaped the fulfilment of his most anxious wish.

BERNARD'S RETROSPECTIONS.

IN our two last numbers we gave some amusing extracts from the late John Bernard's "Retrospections of the Stage,"—the best collection of theatrical anecdotes we have seen since Michael Kelly's volumes. In a literary point of view it is far superior to many of the dull autobiographies which have been lately offered to the public, and the author tells a story passing well. We have served up for our readers another entertainment from its pages, of which we think it will be unnecessary to urge them to partake.

THE "SIX-BOTTLE MEN."

I visited a "six-bottle club" but once, and from the headach it cost me, was wise enough ever afterwards to decline an *encore* : but I remember very well being invited to one which held its orgies at a seaside hamlet, and was very generally attended, with the following highly cheerful inducements : "Will you come over to us, Mr. Bur-nard, for a wake ? You'll be mightily plased with the fillows you'll mate there, and plinty of variety : for one Sunday night you'll see as merry a set of devils round the table as your heart could desire ; and the nixt, more than half will be under the sod, and a set of frish faces will pop into their places. Will you come, Mr. Bur-nard ?"

IRISH CALCULATION.

Bob Bowles' landlady was what was termed a "general dealer," and, among other things, sold bread and whisky. A customer entering her shop, inquired if she had anything to eat and drink. "To be sure," she replied ; "I have got a thimbleful of the crature, my darling, that

comes ounly to twopence ; and this big little loaf you may have for the same money !"—"Both twopence ?"—"Both the same, as I'm a Christian woman, and worth double the sum."—"Fill me the whisky, if you plase."—She did so, and he drank it ; then rejoined—"It comes to twopence, my jewel ; I'm not hungry, take back the loaf," tendering it.—"Yes, honey, but what pays for the whiskey ?"—"Why the loaf, to be sure !"—"But you haven't paid for the loaf !"—"Why, you wouldn't have a man pay for a thing he hasn't eat ?" A friend going by was called in by the landlady to decide this difficulty, who gave it against her ; and from some deficiency in her powers of calculation, she permitted the rogue to escape.

A LONG MEAL.

About half-way between the towns of Chard and Taunton was an inn, where I purposed to stop and refresh myself. A short distance before I reached it, a gentleman passed me on foot, of a very comfortable and clerical appearance : he was dressed in black, with a broad-brimmed hat and a silver-headed cane. Having honored my person with a particular scrutiny as he passed, he halted at a little distance to look back at me. This notice, and a tolerably empty stomach, induced me to indulge in various pleasing speculations as respected his character and motives. He is the parson of the parish, thought I, and, interested by my young and hungry appearance, he feels half inclined to ask me to his house, and satisfy my wants. Fancy needed but little stimulus to carry me to the worthy man's table, and conjure up the apparatus of a gas-

tronomic performance. The sudden disappearance of their object, however, dissipated my day-dream; and pushing on to the inn, I entered the public room, and rang a hand-bell. My first summons was not attended to; at my second, the door was slightly opened, and a red, round, full-moon sort of a countenance intruded, with a mouth like a horizon dividing the head into upper and lower hemisphere, and tresses sufficiently golden, to have procured the owner from a poet the name of "Apollo."

"Landlord," said I, "I have had a long walk, and want something to eat."

The sounds had scarcely passed my lips, before the rustic's jaws, opening like the gates of a subterranean abyss, sent forth a roar of laughter. Naturally surprised at such an answer, I requested an explanation; but his wife coming up at that instant (a small, unsymmetrical bundle of fat), he repeated my words to her, and they instantly got up a duet to the same tune, laughing till they were tired of standing, and then sat down to prolong their merriment. Mortified and indignant at what I could only interpret as a piece of bumpkin impertinence, I snatched up my hat, and was about to leave the house, when the landlord recovered his breath, and begged to explain himself.

It appeared that, about half an hour previously, a parson-looking gentleman, as he described him (who corresponded with the person who had passed me on the road), had come into his parlor, and pretending that it was too early to dine, yet too long to wait for dinner, inquired what would be the charge for a slight snack of cold meat and bread. The honest farmer, wishing to be moderate, as well as to cultivate his custom, replied, "Sixpence," and that he had got in the house a cold round of beef. "Very well," exclaimed the parson-looking gentleman, "bring it in, and with it a pint of your best ale."

The meat was brought, his customer sat down to it, and giving his knife a good edge, took the entire circuit of the beef, in a slice which must have weighed a pound. The farmer started at this, in the conviction that he should get but small profit from his sixpence. The gastronome was not long in putting this slice away, and its duplicate layer was taken from the round. The farmer was petrified. This was a shilling's worth of beef at the lowest reckoning. He contented himself, however, with the reflection, "that a bargain is a bargain," and perhaps the gentleman would be his customer another time. With the stillness and stiffness of a statue, he now regarded the clerical cormorant convey into his mouth, bit by bit, every vestige of the second pound. He now expected him to rise, when lo! the fatal weapon was again laid to the beef, and his unappeasable customer exclaimed, "Landlord, now bring me the ale—I always drink when I have half done!" At these words, and their accompanying illustrative gesture, the farmer's delicacy was overwhelmed by his interest; he sprang towards the table, seized the dish, and reiterating the words "haalf done, noa, dem it measter," said he, "if thee have any more of thic dish for thy little xixpence; do thee get along, or I'll zet Towzer at thee. I don't want thy money, but only do thee moind, never to come here agin for a xixpenny snack!"

The gentleman in black, it appeared, very indignantly took up his hat and departed; and on my entering the room shortly after, and making a similar request, namely, that having come a long walk, I wanted something to eat, it was very pardonable that the good-humored host should have indulged in his merriment. I could not now restrain my response to it, and we all laughed together.

THE WRONG LEG.

Amyas Griffiths was deformed both in his back and legs, which

procured him from many the title of the modern *Æsop*. One evening he was rattling and sparkling away, with the least crooked leg of the two thrown over the other (a piece of pardonable policy), when the conversation happened to turn upon dancing. A wag in the company, who knew his good humor, asked him "if he was fond of the amusement?"—"Yes," he replied, "and mean to subscribe to the winter-balls."—"What! with that leg?"—"Ay, with this leg; and, notwithstanding your sneering, I'll bet you a rump and dozen, there's a worse leg in the room."—"Done, done!" cried a dozen voices. Amyas shook the hands of each. "Now," said his antagonist, with a smile of confidence, "come forward, gentlemen, and let Mr. Griffiths point out such another limb as that." "Here it is," he replied; and throwing off his left leg, raised his right in the air, immeasurably more hideous than the other. A general laugh was the result, and the society decided he had fairly won his wager.

THE TWO "WAT TYLERS."

Mr. Tyler had a brother Watkins, who commanded in a corps of volunteers, and was invariably present in our boxes. This gave rise to a droll coincidence: Cherry was playing *Lingo* in the "Agreeable Surprise" one evening; and when he came to the question to *Cowslip*—"You never heard of the great heroes of antiquity, *Homer*, *Heliogabalus*, *Moses*, and *Wat Tyler*?" the audience laughed loudly, and turned their eyes upon Captain *Wat Tyler* in the boxes. Cherry was known to be in the habit of introducing jokes of his own; and the gallant officer concluding this to be such a one, left his seat when the act was over and went behind the scenes, where he desired *Dick Row*, our prompter, to let him look at the book. He was greatly agitated, and *Row* in an instant surmised the cause. "Sir," said he, as the captain turned over the leaves hurriedly, his face

burning, and throat choking with indignation, "Mr. Cherry spoke the author."—"Indeed, sir!" replied the son of *Mars*; "I'm afraid not, sir—I'm afraid not; and by St. Patrick and the seven holy stars! if he dared to—I—eh—" At this moment he had found the right place, and the words met his eye: his features instantly relaxed into a comical smile, and, looking at *Row*, he exclaimed, "By the powers! there's two of us, sure enough! Mr. Cherry, sir, was correct, and I beg you ten thousand pardons for this intrusion:" saying which he returned the book, made an elegant bow, and retreated.

GENIUS ON THE WING.

Galway, when representing the *Player King* (in *Hamlet*), stepped forward to repeat the lines—

"For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patient-ly."

Here he should have rested with *Spakspeare*; but genius was on the wing, and he could not bring the eagle-bird to earth; therefore he continued—

"And if on this we may rely,
Why, we'll be with you by and by."

At which *Whitely*, who lay on the ground, as *Hamlet*, snarled out, loud enough to be heard by all the audience—

"And if on pay-day you rely,
Take care I stop no sala-ry."

Thus justifying the rhyme by a very serious reason.

WEEKS AND HIS "WOE."

An old gentleman in the company by the name of *Weeks*, who played the *Friar* in *Romeo and Juliet* (and whose body seemed to resemble a Norwegian deal, never fit for use till it had had a good soaking), on arriving at the concluding speech, which, as it contained a moral, was never omitted in the country,

"From such sad feuds what dire misfortunes
flow,"

espied a carpenter behind the scenes, very cautiously, but decidedly, approaching a tankard of ale, with which he had been solacing himself during the evening, in order, as he used to say, "to get mellow in the character." The tankard was placed in a convenient niche, with a good draught at its bottom; and whenever he was on, his eye would glance off, to watch over its safety. Being a little tipsied, he was somewhat stupefied at the treachery of the varlet; and fixing his eyes, cat-a-mountain like, on him, momentarily forgot his audience in himself, who interpreting this as a piece of deep acting, began to applaud. The carpenter was now within a step of

the tankard, and Weeks slowly articulated—

"Whate'er the cause—

(Here the fellow raised his hand)

"the sure effect is—

The knight of the hammer had clenched the pewter—Weeks at the same instant staggered off, wrenching the jeopardised liquid from his grasp,—the friar tucked it under his arm, and popping his head on at the wing, with a significant nod, shouted the last word, "woe!" at which the curtain fell, amidst a roar of laughter—a termination very rarely contemplated to the "Tragedy of Tragedies."

THE "HOW" AND THE "WHY."

I AM any man's suitor,
If any will be my tutor:
Some say this life is pleasant,
Some think it speedeth fast.
In time there is no present,
In eternity no future—
In eternity no past.

We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?
The bulrush nods unto its brother,
The wheat-ears whisper to each other:
What is it they say? What do they there?
Why two and two make four? Why round is not square?
Why the rock stands still, and the light clouds fly?
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white willows sigh?
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?
Whether we wake, or whether we sleep?
Whether we sleep, or whether we die?
How you are you?
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The world is somewhat, it goes on somehow;
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now*?
I feel there is something; but how and what?
I know there is somewhat, but what and why?
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.

The little bird pipeth "Why, why!"
In the summer-woods when the sun falls low;
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,
And stares in his face and shouts "How, how!"
And the black owl scuds down the mellow twilight,
And chants "How, how!" the whole of the night.

Why the life goes when the blood is spilt?
What the life is? Where the soul may lie?
Why a church is with a steeple built,
And a house with a chimney-pot?
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *what*?
Who will riddle me the *what* and the *why*?

SINGULAR SMITH.

MR. JOHN SMITH is now a bachelor, on the young side of forty. He is in the prime of *that* happy period, ere the freedom of single blessedness has deteriorated into formality, that "last infirmity of noble" bachelors. Caps have been, and are now, set at him; but he is too shy a bird to be caught in nets of muslin, or imprisoned by the fragile meshes of Mechlin lace. Widows wonder that he does not marry; wives think he should; and several disinterested maiden ladies advise him to think seriously of something of that sort; and he, always open to conviction, promises that he will do something of that kind. In fact, he has gone so far as to confess that it is melancholy, when he sneezes in the night, to have no one, night-capped and nigh, to say "God bless you!" If the roguish leer of his eye, in these moments of compunction, means anything, I am rather more than half inclined to doubt his sincerity. One argument which he urges against committing matrimony is certainly undeniable—that there are Smiths enough in the world, without his aiding and abetting their increase and multiplication: he says he shall wait till the words of Samuel, "Now there was no Smith found throughout all Israel," are almost applicable throughout all England: and then he may, perhaps, marry. "Smiths," as he says, "are as plentiful as blackberries. Throw a cat out of every other window, from one end to the other of this metropolis, and it would fall on the head of *one* Smith. Rush suddenly round a corner, and knock down the first man you meet, he is a Smith; he prostrates a second, the second a third, the third a fourth the ninth a tenth—they are all and severally Smiths."

I am indeed afraid that he is irrecoverably a bachelor, for several reasons which I shall mention. He is, at this time, "a little, round,

oily man," five feet and a half in his shoes; much given to poetry, pedestrianism, whim, whistling, cigars, and sonnets; "amorous," as the poets say, of umbrageousness in the country, and umbrellas in the town; rather bald, and addicted to Burton ale; and a lover of silence and afternoon *siestas*—indeed, he is much given to sleep, which, as he says, is but a return in kind; for sleep was given to man to refresh his body and keep his spirits in peace; indulgences these which have anything but a marrying look: so that no unwilling Daphne has lost a willing Damon in my duodecimo friend. It is too manifest that he prefers liberty, and lodgings for a single gentleman, to the "Hail, wedded love!" of the poet of Paradise—a sort of clergyman "triumphale" to which his ear is most unorthodoxically deaf when time is called. He has even gone so far as to compare good and bad marriages with two very remarkable results in chemical experiment, by which, in one instance, charcoal is converted into diamond, and in the other, diamond is deflagrated into charcoal. The fortunate Benedict marries charcoal, which, after a patient process, proves a diamond; the unfortunate husband weds a diamond, which, tried in the fire of adversity, turns out charcoal. Yet he is not unalive to those soft impressions which betoken a sensitive nature. He has been twice in love; thrice to the dome of St. Paul's with the three sisters Simpson, and once to Richmond by water with a Miss Robinson, in May, that auspicious month, dedicated to love and lettuces. These are perhaps the only incidents in his unchecked life which approach the romantic and the sentimental; yet he has passed through the ordeal unsinged at heart, and is still a bachelor. He was, at one time, passionately partial to music and mut-

ton-chops, muffins and melancholy, predilections much cultivated by an inherent good taste, and an ardent love of the agreeable; yet he has taken to himself no one to do his mutton and music, no one to soften his melancholy and spread his muffins. It is unaccountable; the ladies say so, and I agree with them.

I have mentioned "the things he is inclined to;" I must now specify "those he has no mind to." His antipathies are tight boots and bad ale—two of the evils of life (which is at best but of a mingled yarn) for which he has an aversion almost amounting to the impatient. His dislike to a scold is likewise most remarkable, perhaps peculiar to himself; for I do not remember to have noticed the antipathy in any one beside. A relation is, to be sure, linked to a worthy descendant of Xantippe; and this perhaps is the key to his objections to the padlock of matrimony.

It is the bounden duty of a biographer (and I consider this paper to be biographical) to give in as few words as possible, the likeness of his hero. Two or three traits are as good as two or three thousand, where volume-making is not the prime consideration. He is eccentric, but without a shadow of turning. He is sensitive to excess; for though no one ever has horse-whipped him, I have no doubt if either A or B should, he would wince amazingly under the infliction, and be very much hurt in his feelings. Indeed, he does not merit any such notice from any one; for he has none of that provoking irascibility generally attendant on genius (for he is a genius, as I have shown, and shall presently show.) He was never known to have been engaged in more than one literary altercation; then he endeavored, but in vain, to convince his grocer, who had beaten his boy to the blueness of stone-blue for spelling sugar without an *h*, that he was assuredly not borne out in his orthography by Johnson and Walker.

To sum up the more prominent points of his character in few words. As he is a great respecter of himself, so he is a great respecter of all persons in authority: his bow to a beadle on Sundays is indeed a lesson in humility. Being a sincere lover of his country, he is also a sincere lover of himself: he prefers roast-beef and plum-pudding to any of your foreign kickshaws; and drinks the Colonnade champagne when he can, to encourage the growth of English gooseberries; smokes largely, to contribute his modicum to the home-consumption; pays all government demands with a cheerfulness unusual and altogether perplexing to tax-gatherers; and subscribes to a poor hospital (two guineas annually—nothing more.) In short, if he has not every virtue under heaven, it is no fault of Mr. Smith. The virtues, he has been heard to say, are such high-priced luxuries, that a man of moderate income cannot afford to indulge much in them.

These are Mr. John Smith's good qualities: if he has failings, they "lean to virtue's side," but do not much affect his equilibrium: he is a perpendicular man in general, and not tall enough in his own conceit to stoop when he passes under Temple Bar. If he is singular, he lays it to the accident of his birth: he was the seventh Smith of a seventh Smith. This fortuitous catenation in the links of the long chain of circumstance, which has before now bestowed on a fool the reputation of "a wise man," only rendered him, as he is free to confess, an odd man. His pursuits have indeed of late been numerous beyond mention, and being taken up in whimsies, ended in oddities. As I have said, he wrote verses, and they were thought by some people to be very odd and unaccountable. He lost a Miss —, who was dear to him, in trinket expenses more especially, through a point of poetical etiquette certainly very unpardonable. In some lines

addressed to that amiable spinster and deep-dyed *bas bleu*, he had occasion to use the words *one* and *two*, and either from the ardor of haste, or the inconsiderateness of love, or perhaps from the narrowness of his note-paper, he penned the passage thus :—

"Nature has made us 2, but Love shall make
us 1;
1 mind, 1 soul, 1 heart," &c.

This reminded the learned lady too irresistibly of a catalogue of sale—1 warming-pan, 2 stoves, 1 stewpan, 1 smoke-jack, &c. and she dismissed him in high dudgeon.

MR. SHELLEY.

THIS unfortunate gentleman was undoubtedly a man of genius—full of ideal beauty and enthusiasm. And yet there was some defect in his understanding, by which he subjected himself to the accusation of atheism. In his dispositions he is represented to have been ever calm and amiable; and but for his metaphysical errors and reveries, and a singular incapability of conceiving the existing state of things as it practically affects the nature and condition of man, to have possessed many of the gentlest qualities of humanity. He highly admired the endowments of Lord Byron, and in return was esteemed by his Lordship; but even had there been neither sympathy nor friendship between them, his premature fate could not but have saddened Byron with no common sorrow.

Mr. Shelley was some years younger than his noble friend; he was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., of Castle Goring, Sussex. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Eton, where he rarely mixed in the common amusements of the other boys; but was of a shy, reserved disposition, fond of solitude, and made few friends. He was not distinguished for his proficiency in the regular studies of the school; on the contrary, he neglected them for German and Chemistry. His abilities were superior, but deteriorated by eccentricity. At the age of sixteen he was sent to the University of Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself by publishing a pamphlet, under the absurd and world-defying title of

The Necessity of Atheism, for which he was expelled the University.

This event proved fatal to his prospects in life; and the treatment he received from his family was too harsh to win him from error. His father, however, in a short time relented, and he was received home; but he took so little trouble to conciliate the esteem of his friends, that he found the house uncomfortable, and left it. He then went to London, where he eloped with a young lady to Gretna Green. Their united ages amounted to thirty-two; and the match being deemed unsuitable to his rank and prospects, it so exasperated his father, that he broke off all communication with him.

After their marriage the young couple resided some time in Edinburgh. They then passed over to Ireland, which, being in a state of disturbance, Shelly took a part in politics, more reasonable than might have been expected. He inculcated moderation.

About this time he became devoted to the cultivation of his poetical talents; but his works were sullied with the erroneous inductions of an understanding which, inasmuch as he regarded all the existing world in the wrong, must be considered as having been either shattered or defective.

His rash marriage proved, of course, an unhappy one. After the birth of two children, a separation, by mutual consent, took place, and Mrs. Shelley committed suicide.

He then married a daughter of Mr. Godwin, the author of *Caleb*

Williams, and they resided for some time at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, much respected for their charity. In the meantime, his irreligious opinions had attracted public notice, and, in consequence of his unsatisfactory notions of the Deity, his children, probably at the instance of his father, were taken from him by a decree of the Lord Chancellor: an event which, with increasing pecuniary embarrassments, induced him to quit England, with the intention of never returning.

Being in Switzerland when Lord Byron, after his domestic tribulations, arrived at Geneva, they became acquainted. He then crossed the Alps, and again at Venice renewed his friendship with his Lordship; he thence passed to Rome, where he resided some time; and after visiting Naples, fixed his permanent residence in Tuscany. His acquirements were constantly augmenting, and he was without question an accomplished person. He was, however, more of a metaphysician than a poet, though there are splendid specimens of poetical thought in his works. As a man, he was objected to only on account of his speculative opinions; for he possessed many amiable qualities, was just in his intentions, and generous to excess.

When he had seen Mr. Hunt established in the Casa Lanfranchi with Lord Byron at Pisa, Mr. Shelley returned to Leghorn, for the purpose of taking a sea excursion; an amusement to which he was much attached. During a violent storm the boat was swamped, and the party on board were all drowned. Their bodies were, however, afterwards cast on shore; Mr. Shelley's was found near Via Reggio, and, being greatly decomposed, and unfit to be removed, it was determined to reduce the remains to ashes, that they might be carried to a place of sepulture. Accordingly preparations were made for the burning.

Wood in abundance was found on the shore, consisting of old trees

and the wreck of vessels: the spot itself was well suited for the ceremony. The magnificent bay of Spezia was on the right, and Leghorn on the left, at equal distances of about two-and-twenty miles. The headlands project boldly far into the sea; in front lie several islands, and behind dark forests and the clifly Appenines. Nothing was omitted that could exalt and dignify the mournful rites with the associations of classic antiquity: frankincense and wine were not forgotten. The weather was serene and beautiful, and the pacified ocean was silent, as the flame rose with extraordinary brightness. Lord Byron was present; but he should himself have described the scene, and what he felt.

These antique obsequies were undoubtedly affecting; but the return of the mourners from the burning is the most appalling orgia, without the horror of crime, of which I have ever heard. When the duty was done, and the ashes collected, they dined and drank much together, and bursting from the calm mastery with which they had repressed their feelings during the solemnity, gave way to frantic exultation. They were all drunk; they sang, they shouted, and their barouche was driven like a whirlwind through the forest. I can conceive nothing descriptive of the demoniac revelry of that flight, but scraps of the dead man's own song of Faust, Mephistophiles, and Ignis Fatuus, in alternate chorus.

"The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false are past;
Lead us on thou wand'ring Gleam;
Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desert waste.

But see how swift, advance and shift,
Trees behind trees—row by row,
Now cleft by cliff, rocks bend and lift,
Their frowning foreheads as we go;
The giant-shouldered crags, ho! ho!
How they snort, and how they blow.

Honor her to whom honor is due,
Old mother Baubo, honor to you.
An able sow with old Baubo upon her
Is worthy of glory and worthy of honor.

The way is wide, the way is long,
But what is that for a Bedlam throng?
Some on a ram, and some on a prong,
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along.

Every trough will be boat enough,
With a rag for a sail, we can sweep through
the sky,
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?"

ON THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

How a certain disposition of certain sounds should, through the medium of the ear, raise, depress, or tranquillize the spirits, is a problem difficult to be solved; yet, in a greater or less degree, all are convinced of its truth; and, to gratify this universal feeling, Nature seems to have mingled harmony in all her works. Each crowded and tumultuous city may properly be called a temple to Discord; but wherever Nature holds undisputed dominion, music is the partner of her empire. The "lonely voice of waters," the hum of bees, the chorus of birds; nay, if these be wanting, the very breeze that rustles through the foliage is music. From this music of Nature, solitude gains all her charms; for dead silence, such as that which precedes thunder-storms, rather terrifies than delights the mind:—

On earth 'twas all yet calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound—
More awful than the tempest's sound!

Perhaps it is the idea of mortality thereby awakened, that makes absolute stillness so awful. We cannot bear to think that even Nature herself is inanity; we love to feel her pulse throbbing beneath us, and to listen to her accents amid the still retirements of her deserts. That solitude in truth, which is described by our poets, as expanding the heart, and tranquillizing the passions, though far removed from the inharmonious din of worldly business, is yet varied by such gentle sounds as are most likely to make the heart beat in unison with the serenity of all surrounding objects. Thus Gray—

Now fades the glimmering landscape on my sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds!

Even when Nature arrays herself in all her terrors, when the thunder roars above our heads, and man, as he listens to the sound, shrinks at the sense of his own insignificance—even this, without at all derogating from its awful character, may be termed a grand chorus in the music of Nature.

Almost every scene in the creation has its peculiar music, by which its character, as cheering, melancholy, awful, or lulling, is marked and defined. This appears in the alternate succession of day and night. When the splendor of day has departed, how consonant with the sombre gloom of night is the hum of the beetle, or the lonely, plaintive voice of the nightingale. But more especially, as the different seasons revolve, a corresponding variation takes place in the music of Nature. As winter approaches, the voice of birds, which cheered the days of summer, ceases; the breeze that was lately singing among the leaves, now shrilly hisses through the naked boughs; and the rill, that but a short time ago murmured softly, as it flowed along, now, swelled by tributary waters, gushes headlong in a deafening torrent.

It is not, therefore, in vain that, in the full spirit of prophetic song, Isaiah has called upon the mountains to break forth into singing; "the forests, and every tree thereof." Thus we may literally be said to "find tongues in trees—books in the running brooks;" and, as we look upward to the vault of Heaven, we are inclined to believe that—

There's not the smallest orb which we behold,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

GENIUS AND VIRTUE.

VARIOUS states of the soul are in themselves so excellent—and so ready for the reception of Virtue—such, for example, as self-command, patience, and steadfastness of purpose—that to the Imagination, which conceives not merely what is, but what is possible to be, which can hardly represent to itself the soul so full of powers, without supposition, at the same time, of their noble application, these very powers themselves receive a part of that esteem which is due to them only when they are applied in the service of Virtue. Now, may we not, without violence, extend the spirit of this remark to those intellectual powers and dispositions which we are always accustomed to contemplate with a feeling resembling that of moral approbation? They belong to the highest state of the soul; to the exaltation of that spirit, of which the highest exaltation is Virtue. How much of that nature, which is indeed moral, must be unfolded in him, in whom either the creative or meditative powers of the mind have attained to great perfection! They are not, strictly speaking, moral indeed; for they may exist apart from all morality. But they have prepared so many faculties of the whole being to be in harmony with Virtue, that we can scarcely regard them without something of the reverence which is justifiable only towards Virtue itself.

In respect, then, to these and other similar qualities, there is always one feeling prevalent in the mind. We regard the soul in the excellence of all its highest powers, as that object to which our moral reverence and love are due. But none of its nobler powers can appear to us in great strength, without giving intimation to our thoughts of something beyond what appears to us. That ennobled state of one power appears connected with the ennobled state of the whole being to

which it belongs; and our forward admiration awakes to excellence which is dimly apprehended, but not manifested to our eyes.

Is it not in this way, we ask, that we look upon the highest genius, imaginative or meditative, as kindred to the highest virtue? When we think of Newton in the silence of midnight reading the radiant records of creative wisdom in the sky, and with something of a seraph's soul, enjoying a delight known but to intellect alone, we cannot but transfer the admiring thoughts with which we have regarded the contemplative philosopher, to what we feel to be the virtue and piety of the man. It is the will of God for which he is searching among the stars of heaven. In the laws which guide those orbs along in their silent beauty, he feels still the presence of the one Great Spirit; so that with the name of Newton are not only associated ideas of vastness and sublimity in our imagination, but thoughts of divine love and mercy in our hearts. Thus everything low and earthly is dissevered from that majestic name. It rises before us pure and beautiful as a planet; and we may be almost said to feel our own immortality in the magnificent power bestowed by the Deity upon a child of dust.

So, too, when we think on the highest triumphs of imaginative Genius, and see it soaring on its unwearied wings through the stainless ether. The innocence of a yet un-fallen spirit, and the bliss of its yet unfaded bowers, as breathed upon us in the song of Milton, seems to consecrate to us that great Poet's heart; and we feel the kindred nature of the intellectual and moral spirit of Genius and Virtue, when shown by his sacred power the image of a sinless world, or, mixed with human, celestial shapes,

"Crowning the glorious hosts of Paradise."

THE LADY TO HER LOVER.

Oh! thy vow of love was breathed to me
 In yon myrtle bower, whose blossoms crown'd us,
 While moonlight slept on the tranquil sea,
 And the heavens and earth were still around us;
 Dark storms shall rise on the troubled main,
 The bower shall droop, and the moon shall wane,
 But my faithful heart shall never slight
 The sacred vow of that moonlight night.

Thy vow was breathed in the summer time,
 When the fields were rich in flowery treasures,
 And the valleys smiled in their blushing prime,
 And the birds pour'd forth their warbled measures;
 Cold winter soon shall its snows impart,
 The flowers shall fade, and the birds depart,
 But Love, in its own warm genial clime,
 Shall nurse that vow of the summer time.

Thy vow was breathed in the morn of youth,
 When thy step was gay in springing lightness,
 And thy open brow spoke joy and truth,
 And thy dark eye laugh'd in merry brightness;
 Oh! thy brow the shades of care shall borrow,
 And thine eye shall float in the tears of sorrow,
 But my heart, with fond unchanging truth,
 Shall dwell on the vow of thy early youth.

Thy vow was breathed in the glow of hope,
 When thy ear drank in Fame's flattering story,
 And the path of life seem'd a sunny slope,
 And thy pulse throb'd high with thoughts of glory;
 The dream of thy pride shall fade away,
 And thy spirit mourn its dull decay,
 But a love like mine with ills shall cope,
 And shed new life on thy dying hope.

Yes, trust me, yes, when the spell is gone
 Of the fairy scenes that now invite thee,
 And thy young heart turns in bitter scorn
 From the false, false world that dares to slight thee;
 One radiant light shall desert thee never,
 One hope shall cling to thy path forever,
 And I feel that light, that hope, shall be
 The vow thou hast breathed this night to me.

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EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

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Pendleton's Litho, Boston.

FASHIONS.

For Cotton's Atheneum.

Spirit

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1831. [VOL. 5, No. 7.

OLD THOUGHTS ON A NEW YEAR.

AMONG the thousand and one subjects upon which modern essayists have chosen to descant, the New Year is, perhaps, the most hack-nied. Yet, however trite the theme has become, there exists in the mind of man a secret sympathy which usually induces him to pursue them, when more elaborate essays on Fame, Fortune, or Ambition, are passed over unread. These, it is true, are suited alike to all seasons; and as far as the subject itself is concerned, may be taken up to-day, to-morrow, or indeed, not at all: but there is a charm about the New Year which hallows the most common-place allusion to it, and gives to the remark an air of freshness, which perchance may be sought in vain when the spell (and surely there is a spell!) which the momentary union of time with eternity throws around them, is dissolved. Those oft-repeated axioms of morality, which at other times are addressed but to the ear, now penetrate the most obdurate heart, and for awhile elevate us in the scale of being. We listen attentively to the strange mysterious voice of Meditation; and Fancy, like an ark-imprisoned dove, glides noiselessly over the scenes which we have passed, and searches for a resting place in vain! The ground whereon she seeks for a moment to alight, proves baseless or illusory, and she is forced to keep forever on the wing! Hope, beckoning

her towards the future, holds out the promise of an olive-branch.—But what are the promises of Hope? are they not fairy vistas in the clouds, which too often delude the eye with unreal prospects, and upon nearer approach whelm the heart in disappointment. The Cretan Labyrinth was easier far to be explored, than the cloud-mantled pathways of the future, illumed only, as they are, by the glimmering reflections of the past.

But hark! the merry bells recall imagination home again! and he who can listen to their peal of congratulation unmoved, is possessed of feelings which few would envy. Ring on, ye joyous revellers!—The wisdom of the nineteenth century is advancing rapidly to your overthrow, and posterity will, mayhap, stand in need of *rariorum* notes, to tell them the meaning of—

“Those evening bells,—those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!”

For my own part—heralds alike of merriment and mourning—I should be sorry to *live* without your music, or to *die* without your knell. And I can wish nothing worse to those *tasteful* vandals, who do all they can to deprive you of your time-honored sanctuaries, than that they may never *feel* your happy New Year!

New Year! What then hath become of the old?—Gone to eternity! the moralist exclaims. And

 THE LADY TO HER LOVER.

Oh! thy vow of love was breathed to me
 In yon myrtle bower, whose blossoms crown'd us,
 While moonlight slept on the tranquil sea,
 And the heavens and earth were still around us;
 Dark storms shall rise on the troubled main,
 The bower shall droop, and the moon shall wane,
 But my faithful heart shall never slight
 The sacred vow of that moonlight night.

Thy vow was breathed in the summer time,
 When the fields were rich in flowery treasures,
 And the valleys smiled in their blushing prime,
 And the birds pour'd forth their warbled measures;
 Cold winter soon shall its snows impart,
 The flowers shall fade, and the birds depart,
 But Love, in its own warm genial clime,
 Shall nurse that vow of the summer time.

Thy vow was breathed in the morn of youth,
 When thy step was gay in springing lightness,
 And thy open brow spoke joy and truth,
 And thy dark eye laugh'd in merry brightness;
 Oh! thy brow the shades of care shall borrow,
 And thine eye shall float in the tears of sorrow,
 But my heart, with fond unchanging truth,
 Shall dwell on the vow of thy early youth.

Thy vow was breathed in the glow of hope,
 When thy ear drank in Fame's flattering story,
 And the path of life seem'd a sunny slope,
 And thy pulse throbb'd high with thoughts of glory;
 The dream of thy pride shall fade away,
 And thy spirit mourn its dull decay,
 But a love like mine with ills shall cope,
 And shed new life on thy dying hope.

Yes, trust me, yes, when the spell is gone
 Of the fairy scenes that now invite thee,
 And thy young heart turns in bitter scorn
 From the false, false world that dares to slight thee;
 One radiant light shall desert thee never,
 One hope shall cling to thy path forever,
 And I feel that light, that hope, shall be
 The vow thou hast breathed this night to me.

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